A Paradise Gone Mad —
Facing the Facts in Hawaii

WEEK ENDING MAR. 26, 1932

Liberty

5c

America's Best Read Weekly

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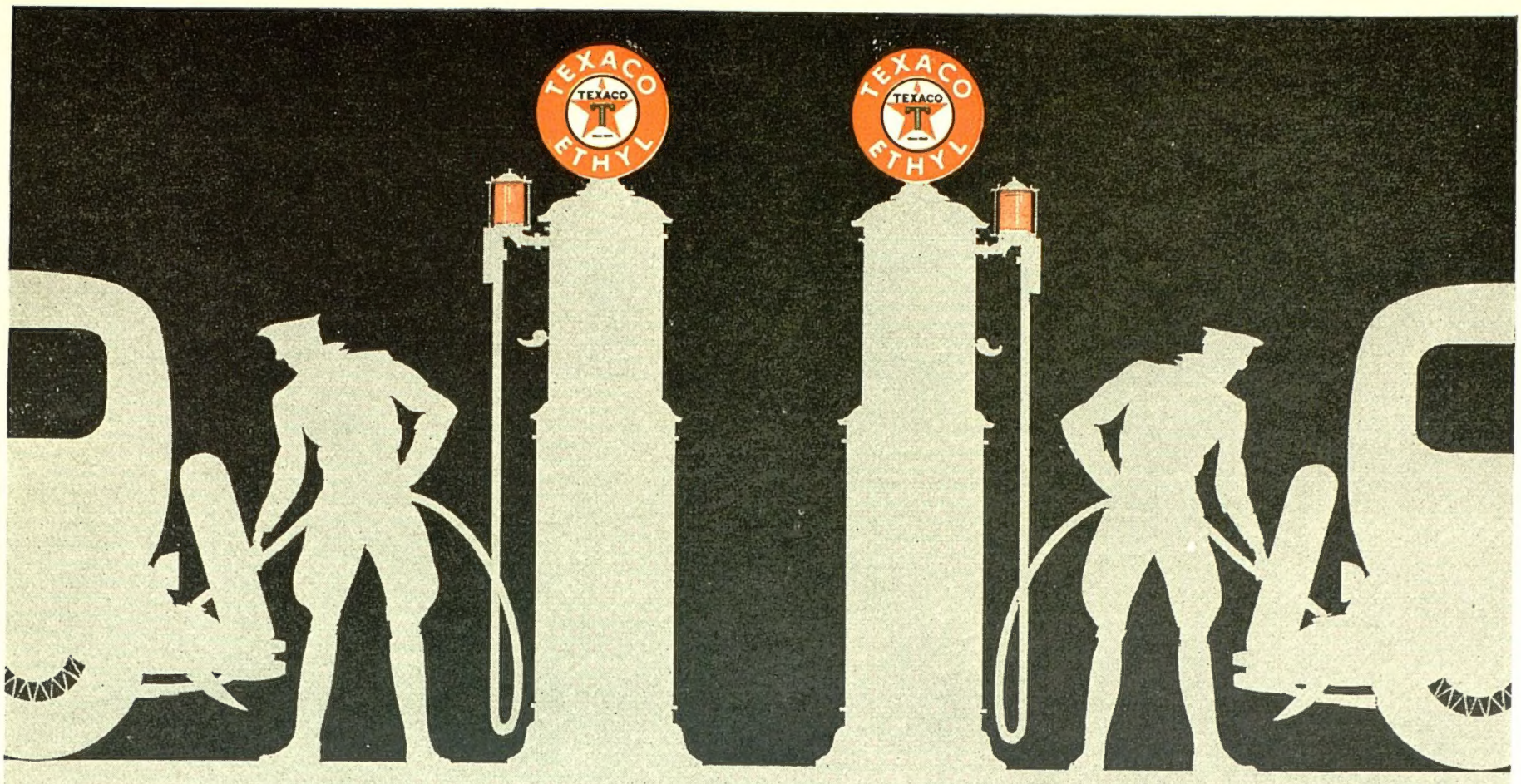

AT a time when values are being weighed as never before, it is significant that in two short years DRY* Texaco-Ethyl has achieved a position of leadership among premium fuels. Such outstanding preference can be explained in only one way

THERE IS NO TEXACO BETTER GASOLINE

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WHY DRY* GAS IS BETTER

* *Dry* gas vaporizes completely because it is properly refined. *Wet* gas vaporizes only in part. *Wet* gas carries an uneven spray of raw wet gasoline which chokes some cylinders at the expense of others, causes crankcase dilution and wasted power. *Dry* gas goes through the manifold evenly. It burns completely, delivering all its power into every cylinder.

THE TEXAS COMPANY · *Texaco Petroleum Products*

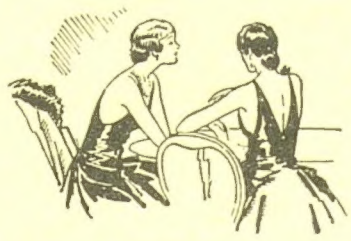
PLAIN TALK

How often a woman longs for it . . . how much she believes she needs it. *still* . . . in most cases it is far better for her to find out the facts for herself

THERE is a kind of talk among women that they honestly believe is "plain." It is not plain at all to a newcomer within the ranks of the married. It is a mere exchange of personal beliefs. Every woman present will confidently assert, "*I* am right and *you* are wrong." The young wife worries about this confusion and longs for a reliable person to disentangle truth from untruth. She does not know that she need not depend on anybody. *She can get the real facts for herself.*

It is odd that women, modern and educated, are so uncertain about feminine hygiene. They are sure that they need it, they practice it . . . still they worry about the proper method to follow. They do not know what antiseptic to use. Older women, from their own experience, cry out against caustic and poisonous antiseptics. Doctors say that women need the cleanliness and protection of feminine hygiene . . . but they, also, issue a stern warning against caustics and poisons that scar and desensitize tissues. They know only too well why these should *not* be used.

Women do not seem to realize that this is *today* and not some years ago when the only really powerful germicides were poisonous.



Women who know that Zonite is safe can competently advise others.

Fortunately, there is *now* a very powerful germicide which is as safe to use as pure water. This is *Zonite*. The power of Zonite cannot be questioned because Zonite *has been proved to be far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be allowed on the human body*. As to safety, Zonite can never be accused of causing the slightest damage. It is, in fact, soothing to tissues. Furthermore, you need have no embarrassment in asking for Zonite at drug stores because it is used for dozens of purposes including oral hygiene. It comes in bottles at 30¢, 60¢ and $1.00.

Don't wait and worry. Send for booklet called "Facts for Women." Do this today.

A wife's most absorbing interest is discussed in a free booklet—discussed from every angle. "Facts for Women" is not considered daring today. The first copies went out only a few weeks ago and women are reading them appreciatively. Mail coupon below and get your copy. Zonite Products Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION
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Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below.

☐ Facts for Women
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

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MAR. 26, 1932

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"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth." —*Abraham Lincoln.*

PROHIBITION—A GREAT CAMPAIGN TO POPULARIZE BOOZE

Advertising has become a business of monumental proportions; nothing of very great importance can be accomplished without it. A man with a great idea is helpless without advertising.

There was a time when competition was said to be the life of trade, and it is still important. But today advertising takes its place. There can be no trade worth while without advertising. Never has there been a campaign of such intensive advertising as has been conducted within the last few years in this country in the fight against booze.

The prohibitionists will say that this campaign has been conducted for the purpose of annihilating this evil: that prohibition made alcoholic liquors taboo. There is no doubt about the honesty of the intentions back of the Prohibition Enactment, but the fault in connection therewith has been the fanatical determination to enforce an unpopular law.

Prohibition has become a subject that is everywhere discussed. The fanatical drys bitterly denounce those who disagree with them; the wets have sarcastically attacked those who insist upon the continuation of the Volstead fiasco.

And talk about advertising!

Why, no campaign that has ever been conducted has done more to put anything before the public so thoroughly and in such interesting detail as that which has been presented through the prohibition controversy. That is the reason for the interest of every boy and girl in alcoholic liquors. They are curious to know why liquor should be so harmful in its influence. They want to taste it—to find out for themselves whether it is as bad as it is painted.

And we find high-school boys who easily popularize themselves with the hip-pocket flask. They are applauded for their cleverness when they can give their girl friends a drink.

There was a time when to drink booze was a disgrace; but the prohibition controversy has dramatized it with intensive advertising. It has been befogged through the disputations of the enthusiastic advocates of both sides of this subject.

When the present Prohibition Law is annulled, or when beer and wines are legalized, nearly everybody will drink, although many may do it secretly. Their curiosity has been aroused. They will want to satisfy themselves as to the real character of good booze.

When the Prohibition Law loses its hold, there will be more drinking in this country per capita than there ever was before. All the educational activities that were beginning to be so effective before the Prohibition Enactment will have lost most of their influence.

We will have to give credit to the prohibition workers—they have carried on a great campaign. But they have become deaf, dumb, and blind to the defects in their propaganda.

Practically every civilized nation has tried prohibition; they have all cast it aside, with two exceptions. We are the only nation of importance that still holds on to this costly experiment, and the longer it is retained the more harm we will do the prohibition cause and the greater will be its advertising value toward the promotion of booze.

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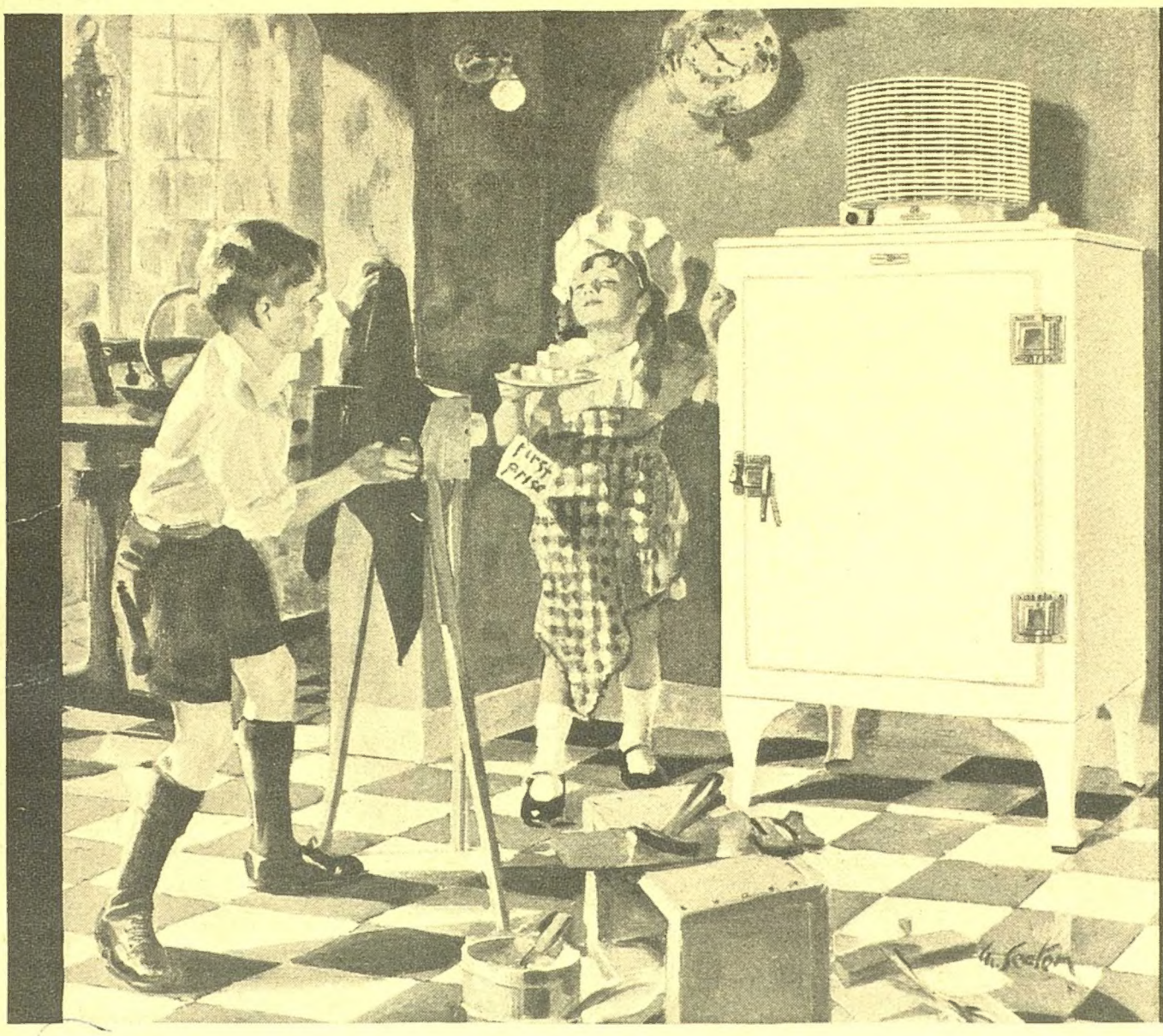
Cover by Leslie Thrasher

Value · proved by PERFORMANCE



GE

3 year guarantee

PERFORMANCE is a yard-stick by which the value of any refrigerator can be measured.

In more than a million homes, the General Electric *All*-Steel Refrigerator has established a record for attention-free, continuous service without parallel in the history of refrigeration. Years from now, your General Electric's unfailing operation will continue to provide economy, convenience and positive health-protection.

A General Electric requires no attention, not even oiling. Simple, current-saving mechanism, hermetically sealed-in-steel in the famous Monitor Top, is out of reach of dust and moisture. The cabinet itself is built entirely of steel—to assure long life, free from service.

INVEST IN AN ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR

General Electric's sliding shelves afford more readily usable storage space. The super-freezer is all-porcelain, easy to clean and has adequate ice capacity. Interior is of acid and stain-resisting porcelain. And every General Electric is guaranteed for three years against all service expense.

Write for a copy of our magazine "The Silent Hostess," it will be sent to you free. Each issue contains delightful recipes, household hints, health talks, entertainment ideas by noted authorities. Address, General Electric Co., Electric Refrigeration Department, Section L31, Hanna Building, 1400 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

Join the G-E Circle. A special program for women every day at noon (except Saturday). On Sunday at 5:30 P. M. a program for the whole family. (Eastern Standard Time). N. B. C. coast to coast network

GENERAL ELECTRIC

ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATORS

DOMESTIC, APARTMENT HOUSE AND COMMERCIAL REFRIGERATORS, ELECTRIC WATER CO...

Her teeth too precious to risk with any tooth paste but the *softest*

Baby teeth are given new protection by a new discovery . . . a cleansing material has been developed that's twice as soft as those in common use

CHILDREN'S teeth are softer and more porous than adults'! Being softer, they are more easily injured by harsh tooth pastes. Those designed only for older, harder teeth are apt to be much too abrasive for tender, soft enamel.

Recently Pepsodent laboratories have developed a new and entirely different cleansing material. Baby teeth brushed by it thousands of times and examined under a powerful microscope fail to show the faintest scratch—only a soft, lustrous glow like a precious jewel with film stains completely erased.

The adoption of this new discovery in Pepsodent affords greater protection to children's teeth—it provides an absolutely safe way of removing film.

Care of Baby Teeth

You must remove film from children's teeth, as well as your own, twice every day. FILM is that slippery coating on your teeth. It gathers germs that cause decay. It glues them tightly to enamel. FILM absorbs the stains from foods and makes teeth unattractive. Removing FILM is vitally important.

Some tooth pastes remove film but leave microscopic scratches. Others are safe but fail to remove film satisfactorily. But Pepsodent—through its notable new discovery—combines film-removing power with *super-safety*.

The new cleansing and polishing material is twice as soft as that in common use. It brings extra safety to your children's teeth and yours . . . Remember, too, this new material stands unsurpassed in removing stubborn film. It gives more brilliant polish to enamel. Pepsodent is the outstanding tooth paste of modern chemistry.

Amos 'n' Andy brought to you by Pepsodent every night except Sunday over N. B. C. network.

1. Remove film—

use Pepsodent tooth paste every morning and every night.

2. Eat these foods—

One or two eggs, raw fruit, fresh vegetables, head lettuce, cabbage or celery, ½ lemon with orange juice. One quart of milk, and other food to suit the taste.

3. See your Dentist—

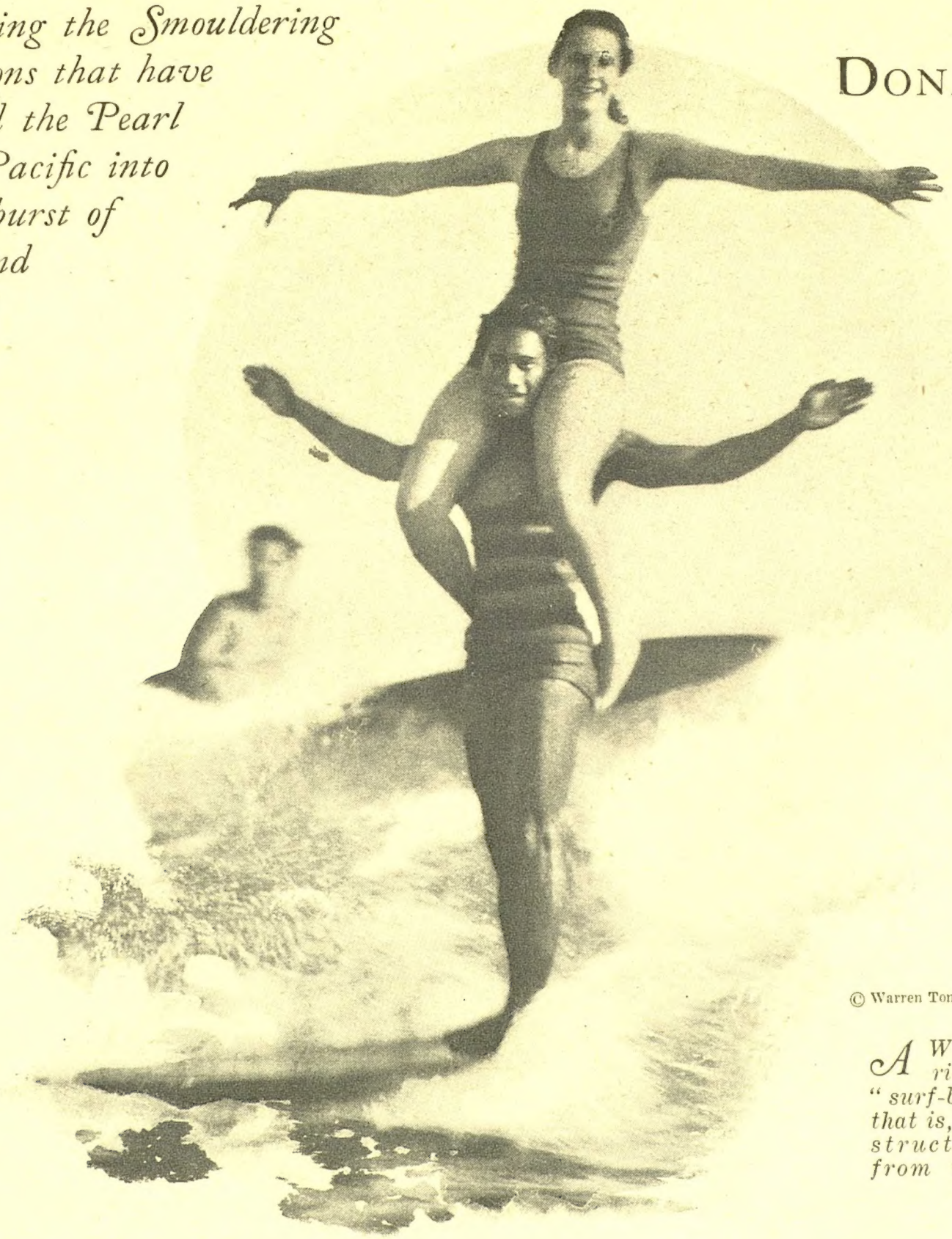
Adults at least twice a year—children every 3 months and at the slightest suspicion of trouble.

USE PEPSODENT TWICE A DAY—SEE YOUR DENTIST AT LEAST TWICE A YEAR

A Paradise Gone Mad-
Facing the Facts in HAWAII

Explaining the Smouldering Conditions that have Fanned the Pearl of the Pacific into an Outburst of Lush and Hatred

By
DONALD BARR CHIDSEY



© Warren Tong

A WHITE girl riding with a "surf-board god"—that is, a Kanaka instructor—far out from the Waikiki beach.

(Reading time: 24 minutes 5 seconds.)

WHEN solemn admirals solemnly announced that until Honolulu had been given a moral cleaning it could not be considered a proper place for the war games this past winter, all persons familiar with Honolulu indulged in a chuckle.

There may be things funnier than this spectacle of the navy being so concerned about temptations placed in the way of its enlisted men, but surely there aren't many.

For sin in Honolulu, though a bit gaudier, a bit more flamboyant, is much the same, after all, as sin in any other seaport. It is entirely orthodox, conventional. Residents there, whatever their complexion—and the place is a cosmopolitan cocktail, a mad mixture of unlikely races—display practically no originality at all when they step out for a fling of wickedness.

They simply haven't kept up with the times. For instance, the racketeer doesn't exist in Honolulu. There are no organized gangs. Crime is casual, decentralized, spontaneous, and never calculated.

The police problem in Honolulu is therefore peculiar. Ordinary rules do not apply. There are many reasons for this; but the principal one, brought to public notice so sensationally by the Fortescue-Massie murder case, is the curious mixture of races. To understand that murder

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and the causes that led to it, you must first understand something about the nature of Honolulu's mixed—to put it mildly—population.

And to understand that, you must know something of the short but colorful history of Hawaii. If Joe Kahahawai, the victim of the killing with which Mrs. Fortescue and the others are charged, was guilty of raping a white woman and breaking her jaw, but still was loved by his own people, as appeared from their grief at his funeral, it may be that they understand how civilization had tried to shape him in an impossible mold; how the white man has made laws which do not fit the souls of the brown folk and never will.

This tragedy began with the very discovery of the islands in 1778 by Captain James Cook, who died from the thrust of a brown man's knife because he did not understand.

Captain Cook looked like a god to the Hawaiians and they treated him as such—the great god Lono, come to fulfill a prophecy. Lesser gods, white sailors, ate watermelon which was mistaken for human flesh, breathed smoke from fiery sticks held in their mouths, and reached inside their bodies, apparently, and drew forth knives of strange hardness and marvelous things like nails, which the natives bought and planted, mistaking them for wonderful new seeds.

THE problem of the white man and the brown woman began then. Two of Cook's sailors deserted and ran away to the mountains with smiling, languid brown women. They cared nothing for civilization after they found their tropical love. They knew they might never see a white man again, but they did not care. Cook pursued them and brought them back and flogged them, because he needed them to work his ships, not because they mistreated the brown women. And for 150 years white men have abused brown women, it is claimed, and the attacks upon Mrs. Massie and fifty others are declared to have been made in retaliation.

Captain Cook held the brown man's gods lightly. That was a mistake which white men have made the world over. He took the wooden fence of a temple for firewood, and some wooden gods with it. The brown men could not understand the white man's concept of God, his strange ways, his seeming lack of soul. And when Cook stopped at the islands on his return journey to England, he paid for his mistake with his life. The ways of the brown man were not the ways of the white man, and they clashed from the beginning.

But the white man won. He slowly took over the islands. He took the free-souled, willing brown women and fitted them into his scheme of things, and their place has not been an exalted one. The early white visitors received presents of women as gestures of intimate friendship. Brown kings sent gifts of tapa cloth wound about nude girls, the loveliest of the islands. Mates and bo's'ns were honored with huts and as many women as they wished. Thus began the Hawaiian melting pot of races, strange and yet peaceful for the most part.

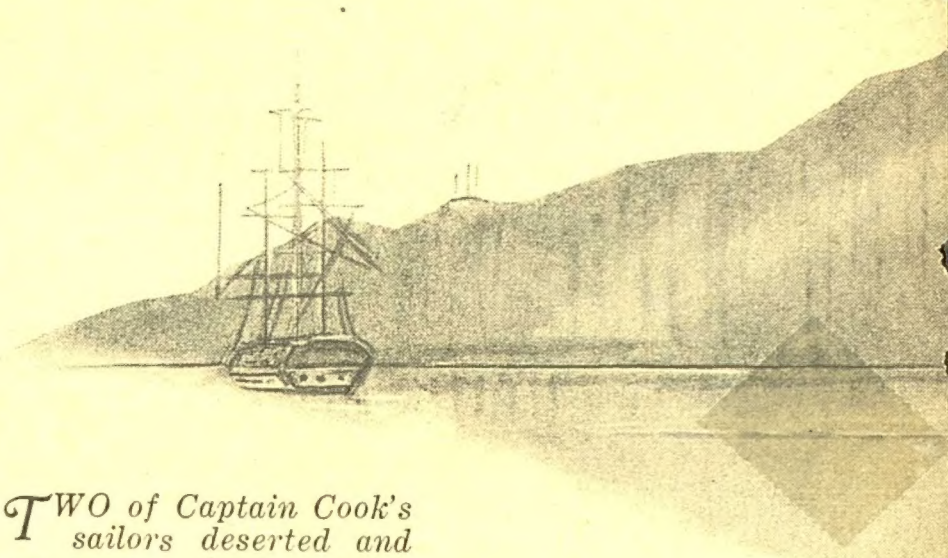
Many generations of white sailors have felt the irresponsibility which Captain Cook felt. Many still think that here, at last, is a place where love may run riot without consequences.

Sailors of all nations have found their way to these alluring islands and mingled with the natives, so that few are of pure stock now. Yellow blood is mixed with white and brown in riotous profusion. A museum in Honolulu displays a bust marked "five-eighths Hawaiian" and other similar exhibits of racial mixture. The five men accused of assaulting Mrs. Massie were brown-skinned men of mixed blood, Hawaiian, Chinese, and Japanese predominating. Their names are taken from the ends of the earth—Joseph Kahahawai, Horace Ida, David Takai, Ben Ahakuelo, and Henry Chang. There you have a sample from this melting pot. It is a bit hard to believe, but it is nevertheless perfectly true, that a given man in the street in Honolulu would be quite likely to have had for grandparents a blond Dane, a coal-black Negro, a Shanghai coolie, and a red-haired Polynesian.

Originally there were the Kanakas, fine, strong, reddish-brown fellows, good-natured, intelligent, impulsive. They are childlike still.

Seeds of conflict were sown by the first missionaries unknowingly. They moved into Hawaii in 1820 and made a spectacular demonstration of religious conversion. In their New England homes they had been shocked at the first stories they heard of beautiful nude women who loved where they chose and who followed the promptings of their hearts without restraint. These lovely natives had no word in their language for father because none knew his father, nor was there a word for chastity. They were lost, in the opinion of the New Englanders.

Quickly an expedition was organized to save these charming brown souls from damnation. The first missionaries to leave Boston were gathered in a kind of Paul Revere crusade. With such enthusiasm, they took the islands by storm, and the wholesale and complete conversion of the race to Christianity is without parallel. The brown women prayed and cried in their sentimental way and adopted their present national dress, the holoku,



TWO of Captain Cook's sailors deserted and ran away to the mountains with smiling, languid brown women.

which is likened to a Mother Hubbard or a long-sleeved nightgown falling to within an inch or two of the ground. Legs vanished from sight. Brown women disappeared from the beaches and have not returned. They were instrumental not long ago in passing an ordinance prohibiting white women from walking the streets in bathing suits. Sex had faded to a whisper, it seemed, until five men went stark, raving mad in the moonlight and stirred a nation to seek the cause of this thing which is upon their islands.

The missionaries are not blamed. They spread truth as they saw it, and in the main it is believed to be a blessing for Hawaii. The days of human sacrifice and cruel tribal warfare are over. The brown people have schools, a university, and societies with slogans such as "Be a Man." They have taken their place in the world as a noble and lovable people, but the clash of brown and white goes on, and slowly the white devours the brown.

ONCE a nation of perhaps 300,000, the brown has diminished to 23,000. One-fourth of the population died of the white man's measles in 1848. Other diseases took their toll, and an uncounted number went into the melting pot. Of the 370,000 people now in the islands, about 85 per cent are of mixed blood. Such are the men accused by Mrs. Massie.

A committee of the House of Representatives has declared that conditions in Hawaii are "intolerable" and that they "encourage the crime of rape." It is pointed out that women are not plentiful. In the light of statistics, 80,000 excess males must remain unmated and without hope of normal domestic life. Good or bad, this is what the white man has brought about in Hawaii.

There are exceptions, of course, but essentially the Kanaka lacks any moral sense in the general Christian acceptance of that phrase. He does what he wants to do when he wants to do it, and for no other reason than that

Picture by HUBERT MATHIEU

he *does* want to do it. The Kanakas of the Hawaiian Islands are not by any means a cowed race. They have a vote, just like any other American citizen, and they use it: they make very shrewd politicians. Additionally it should be mentioned that they are quick-tempered, proud-spirited, total strangers to fear, and magnificent fighters, every one of them. They are quick to resent any implication that they belong to an inferior race. Sneering, however slightly, at a Kanaka in Honolulu is inviting a broken nose or the prompt and painful loss of a mouthful of teeth.

The last of the Hawaiian kings was Kalakaua, elected in 1874. He desired passionately to ignore the march of civilization. His court was a gay one. His hula dancers and pagan feasts drew famous guests to his palace, and his reign is compared with those of the spendthrift monarchs of Europe.

But he did not change his people. He annoyed them. Educated in the white man's ways and converted to Christianity, they thought him wayward and immoral.

His was a last feeble struggle against American civilization and its attendant problems. The old Hawaii was passing. He died in San Francisco in 1891, leaving his throne to his sister, who became Queen Liliuokalani.

Hawaii turned thoroughly American under its queen, proudly joined the Union, and was organized as a territory in 1900. The queen lived as a faded flower upon an empty throne. She wrote the song, Aloha Oe, that haunting melody which tears at the hearts of all who leave the islands.

Then came the Hawaiian gigolo. The old freedom was gone from Hawaii, but here was a new type direct from Paris. He developed to the tune of Aloha Oe and a strumming of ukuleles which was heard throughout the world. He walked the coral sands of Waikiki in a bathing suit and smiled at touring women. There was a small loophole for him in white civilization, after all. There seemed to be a way out for the more handsome brown men.

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[A PARADISE GONE MAD—FACING THE FACTS IN HAWAII]
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The visitor asks, " Do really nice white women like the brown boys? " He is answered with a hushed breath and a rolling of the eyes. He learns that those surf-board gods have pictures in their bedrooms of some of the most beautiful girls on earth. He sees the brown Kanaka " beach boys " hired by wealthy women to croon to them under the palms by the hour. He sees girls taking swimming lessons while other bathers wink and nod. The spell of Waikiki still lingers, although the beach is crowded with modern hotels. The tourist business has become the third largest in Hawaii.

There has been agitation against the tandem use of surf boards because of the long-distance rides which are sometimes observed. The white woman hires a handsome and muscular brown instructor. She lies prone in her scant bathing suit on the front of the board. The native lies behind, often stripped to the waist, in close proximity, and paddles out a quarter of a mile to the proper breakers. Sometimes they continue on to the outer reef, which is so far from shore that they are entirely lost to view.

If a white woman follows such an inclination far enough, she may marry a brown man. It is often done. They may be very happy, even though their friends may raise their eyebrows and tend to shun them. The brown man is a gentleman, a most amiable fellow, and is regarded as a first-class citizen. He is even indulged at election time, and many a vote is cast for a Kanaka of doubtful ability just because it is considered the thing to do.

The Kanakas won't work if they can possibly get out of it. They just don't care for work; they never did. So when the Hawaiian Islands were subdivided into sugar-cane fields and fields of pineapples, some generations back, it was necessary to bring in outside labor, cheap labor. Coolies from south China were imported by the thousands. With the natural shrewdness of the Chinese in matters of trade, they very soon got out of the fields and into shops of their own; and so the sugar and pineapple people brought in Koreans and Japanese by the thousand.

The Koreans and Japanese likewise did not last in the fields. So Portuguese were imported. When the Portuguese showed the same distaste for hard work at low wages, the sugar magnates sent for droves of Filipinos.

Apparently the process isn't finished, even today. The Filipinos now do most of the field work on the plantations, but even this supply is running low, and there is much talk of introducing still another racial element—natives from the gravely overpopulated Porto Rico.

WHITE men manage the plantations. Scots and Scandinavians they are mostly. There is a certain small Russian population, a slightly larger English population, a scattering of Negroes, and, of course, the Americans.

When you put all these peoples together in one small group of islands and give them all independence, something uncommon and probably exciting is bound to result.

Your truly patriotic islander will inform you—and mean it—that nowhere in the world is there such an excellent example of the brotherhood of races. East, he will tell you, here meets West, and they harmonize beautifully. There are no color lines. There are no Jim Crow laws. There are virtually no social castes. Brown and white, yellow and black and red, fill the schools, the trolley cars, the moving-picture houses, the places of business. Apparently they all get along together perfectly.

But there are other men, equally familiar with the situation, who will whisper to you in some unguarded moment that living in Honolulu resembles living in a powder magazine. Something's going to explode soon, these men say. And they shake their heads.

Flare-ups are very few. Nevertheless a resident in Honolulu sooner or later becomes aware of a certain tenseness in the atmosphere. On the surface everything is lovely. But there is always the feeling that almost anything might happen at almost any time. The killing of Kahahawai was considerably more than just a murder. Perhaps it will pass over, leaving nothing but a few bitter memories. And then again, perhaps it won't.

There was a time, before the war, when Honolulu was one of the gayest little sinks of iniquity in the Pacific. There was a day when vice, now unorganized and decentralized, was orderly, disciplined, available to all. This was, of course, before the coming of prohibition and its questionable blessings. This was in the days when Iwelei was operated wide open.

IWELEI, " the Shame of the Pacific," was simply the red-light district of Honolulu, with all the sordidness of such a district anywhere.

You went down to the water front and over a little bridge, and you found yourself in a dim alleyway. There were saloons on the corners, where mechanical pianos ground out tinny, monotonous ragtime. Soldiers, sailors, civilians of every description, strolled up and down, eying the women in the windows of neat little bungalows. The women were Oriental, Caucasian, Polynesian, or a little of each. They sat yoohooing softly to the men who passed, calling quiet invitations.

The police refused to do anything about it. They protested that it was better that way—organized, disciplined. But in due time the church crowd forced them to take action, and there was another reform wave. Gaudy Iwelei spluttered out like a rained-upon torch; and today it is just another drab, dim section of the city.

After a decent interval, and when the dust had settled and the shouting had died, the girls began slipping back, or emerging from their places of temporary retirement—in some cases from jail—and going back into business. But not in Iwelei! Oh, no! Iwelei was a bad memory, closed, purified. Instead, the girls did their hustling—and still do—in just about every other part of Honolulu.

And the police? Well, the police behave the way police usually behave. In this respect, at least, Honolulu's bluecoats—who usually have brown or yellow faces—are perfectly orthodox. They make regular raids and just as regular denials that there is any place in the city worth raiding.

The police force is seriously handicapped by the obsolete form in which it is cast, but so far the voters have resisted all attempts to change it. The city and county of Honolulu being the same, territorially, the elected sheriff has the greatest police power, and the elected chief of police is a figure of minor importance. To complicate matters still further, there are military police and naval police. And of course there are federal prohibition and narcotic agents—who are kept very busy indeed.

Then, too, it must be remembered that the Honolulu police force suffers in the matter of experience because the men are so far from any other police force in the world. Those 2,100 miles of deep blue sea between Honolulu and the nearest portion of the mainland—which happens to be San Francisco—are an advantage in one respect, a disadvantage in another. They make it inadvisable for the usual run of crooks and racketeers to operate in the Hawaiian Islands. A getaway is almost impossible. The fastest ships take four and one-half days for the trip, and this leaves the police plenty of time for the sending of cablegrams. Also it is almost impossible to get stolen goods out of the islands, particularly if they be bulky. The theft of automobiles, for example, is virtually unknown. On the other hand, this isolation tends to keep the local police old-fashioned.

Ewing Galloway photo

This Kanaka fisherman typifies a race that is by no means " cowed," but hates to work.

The Honolulu police, parenthetically, have a sentimental fondness for the stool-pigeon system of detection. Informers, petty spies, third-rate agents provacateur abound. My friend Danny ——, who used to operate a poker game in his speakeasy in Kuhio Street, was raided three times in less than that number of weeks, and each raid was occasioned by a different stool pigeon.

Any Honolulu bootlegger will tell you: "You don't know whom to trust."

name means, literally, "iron buttocks," because in the old days the Kanakas used to manufacture it in iron pots the shape of which closely resembled the human posterior. "Oke" is not available anywhere else in the world; it is unique and wonderful. In price it ranges all the way from three dollars a gallon for "swipes," the lowest form of drink conceivable, up to fourteen dollars a gallon for the very finest ti-root product well aged, which compares favorably with the best prewar Bourbon whisky.

World-famous Waikiki Beach at Honolulu, with Diamond Head in the distance. Here all the races mingle gayly.

Courtesy Los Angeles Steamship Co.

The liquor situation is very similar to that caused by the "clean-up" of Iwelei. That is, prohibition has decentralized the liquor traffic, rendered it furtive, and vastly increased the number of men engaged in it, directly or otherwise. Where one saloon stood in the celebrated Good Old Days, there are eight or ten tiny speakeasies now.

This is not because of a corrupt prohibition enforcement bureau. Exactly the contrary is true. The enforcement bureau in the Hawaiian Islands, part of the enforcement district which includes California, is administered by firm, sincere, and unbribable men. More than one speakeasy proprietor there has informed me that he could triple his business in a week if only he could purchase protection. It just isn't to be had. And for this reason there are no "big shots" in local bootlegging circles.

THERE is no organization of the sort that obtains in almost every other American city. The speakeasy man, for the most part, manufactures his own liquor and stores it in some place near his establishment, keeping only a small amount of it on the premises where he receives his customers. Most of them wouldn't tell their best friends where their liquor is stored. You can't trust anybody.

The speakeasies, for the same reason, are all small, most of them being mere private houses temporarily converted into drinking places. There are no bars, no night clubs, and very few of the restaurants peddle liquor as a side line.

Nevertheless, liquor is plentiful, cheap, and generally very good. Whisky, gin, and wine are esteemed millionaires' drinks. The universal potation all through the Hawaiian Islands is the native fire water, *okulehau*. The

Everybody buys it by the gallon—everybody who doesn't make it himself. Competition is keen among the bootleggers, and a telephone call brings one to your doorstep in no time at all; the service is excellent. And excellent, too, is the stuff. Compared with mainland gin and whisky, at any rate, it is nectar from heaven.

Heavy drinking is the rule; it almost amounts to a social obligation. Guests go to parties for one purpose—to get drunk. A host is expected to haul forth a gallon jug of oke and place it within reach of his guests. Handing them drinks one at a time smacks of niggardliness and is a practice generally looked down upon. Most of them drink it straight, though some take it with ginger ale. It doesn't mix well with anything else. About the only good cocktail you can make with it is the Old-Fashioned, but very few drinkers go to that trouble.

Of course there is a great deal of dope, mostly opium. The huge Oriental population, and the fact that three or four ships a week ply between the islands and the Orient, even in the off season, insure that. There are very few white dope peddlers. The bootleggers won't touch the stuff.

But presumably here, at least, there is some higher form of organization than obtains in other crime circles

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[A PARADISE GONE MAD—FACING THE FACTS IN HAWAII]
Continued from page eleven

in Hawaii. At least, an acquaintance of mine, an addict who had been living for some time in Los Angeles and went to Honolulu in an effort to give up the stuff and start her life over again, told me that she was met at the dock on landing by a peddler who had her name and a good description of her, and who had been waiting for her. He knew she was an addict, though she had never before been to the islands. He wouldn't tell her how he learned.

" Choppers " and " rod men " don't exist on the islands. Here again the bad boys are old-fashioned; machine guns they are not acquainted with, and even the pistol is unknown; they prefer to rely on their fists. But anybody who is looking for a fight in Honolulu won't have to look far. The place abounds in persons ready to oblige such a man.

The tough boys, in short, don't commercialize their toughness. They haven't learned that it is possible to make a living out of being hard-boiled. They punch purely on impulse—and they are very impulsive.

To put it another way: When a citizen is beaten up in Chicago or New York, the beaters-up have usually fixed the price in advance and have gone about the whole matter on a businesslike basis. When a citizen is beaten up in Waikiki, it usually means that something he has said or done wounded the all-too-delicate sensibilities of a red- or yellow-skinned beach boy, or else that some of the fellows just happened to feel like beating up somebody anyway.

The death of Captain Cook at Owyhee, from a contemporary print. He paid with his life for his unconcern about the native Hawaiian's beliefs.

They give away millions of dollars' worth of violence every year in Honolulu, where there is no Capone to teach them how to sell it.

It is just these lads, with their propensity for getting into fights, who constitute the nearest thing that Honolulu has to a dangerous criminal class. They could not be called gangsters in the modern, big-city meaning of that word; but they do usually go in small groups, mostly Kanakas, with some Orientals.

They are street-corner sports, it is true, but they are not by any means " drug-store cowboys," who in the average American city are not dangerous, only contemptible and a nuisance, and who, nineteen times out of twenty, will run away from a fight. The street-corner sport in Honolulu is a strong, quick-tempered, and altogether unpredictable young thug, excellently equipped for a rough-and-tumble and never reluctant to indulge in one.

IT is the uncertainty of his temper which makes him so dangerous. One moment he will be singing and laughing, and the next moment he may turn suddenly nasty over a trifle—and then there will be trouble.

These are the young men who are attacking white women in Honolulu—for local officials can issue all the denials they please, but it remains a fact that because of the great numbers and boldness of these roughnecks no white woman is safe alone in or near Honolulu at night. There have been many assault cases there in recent years, most of them featured by the same beastly brutality that featured the Massie case. And there have been very few convictions.

The difficulty of getting convictions becomes more apparent when the mixed nature of Hawaii's population is remembered. The white people number only about 10 per cent of that population, and the vaunted " white man's supremacy " simply doesn't exist. The Japanese make up about 60 per cent of the population, and while many of these can never become citizens of the United States, and so can never vote, they are all producing sons and daughters who, being born in a territory of the United States, automatically *are* citizens and *do* get a vote. And so in a few years the Japanese, already a powerful group politically, will have a clear voting majority. Allied with them in many cases are their fellow Orientals, the Koreans and Chinese.

The native Hawaiians, though numerically not impressive, have considerable influence in local affairs. Moreover, they have intermarried extensively with the Orientals; and like the Orientals they have a lively dislike of the boasted superiority of the Caucasians.

Any grand or petit jury in Honolulu is certain to contain at least a few Hawaiians or part-Hawaiians and a few Orientals. This is inevitable.

THE fact that the assaults on white women, like the one on Mrs. Massie, are always conducted by at least three men, and usually by five or six, makes it very difficult to get a conviction, even though the racial element is not considered. It is the word of the woman, who was probably hysterical at the time and was certainly in a dark place, against the words of half a dozen young men who will, of course, all lie together, and who, though they may be known as tough characters, as a rule will be found to have no prison records behind them.

Then, too, even though a juror may believe the accused to be guilty and believe that he should be punished, sometimes he hesitates to vote for a conviction which might fan the always smoldering race fires and result in much more violence later. In other words, of two evils he chooses the lesser.

Officially this is denied. Public servants in Hawaii, politicians spouting speeches or issuing statements, continue to talk about the brotherhood of man, about East meeting West, asserting that in the Paradise of the Pacific a man's complexion or the shape of his eyes has absolutely nothing to do with the treatment he receives. Men in public life, naturally, *have* to make such statements. It's part of their duty. What they think privately, however, when you can get them to talk, is something quite different. Like politicians everywhere else, they are thinking in terms of future votes; and votes in Honolulu fall into certain well defined classes, racial classes always—Oriental, Hawaiian, *haole* (white), Portuguese. Offend one of these classes and you have tipped the voting scales against you. They take their politics very seriously out there, and they don't forget injuries.

So the public men say that everything is lovely, and the tourist bureau says that everything is lovely, and in the two daily newspapers you will be informed that yes, indeed, everything certainly is lovely. Race feeling? Not a bit of it! Never was any in Honolulu!

But corner these same men in a Waikiki speakeasy, after they have downed a few long drinks of oke, and get them in a quiet, confidential mood, and you will learn some interesting things, things these men are usually afraid to admit even to themselves. You will learn that what they really think is that they are living in a powder magazine—the most beautiful, most enchanting powder magazine in the world, beyond a doubt; but its beauty won't save a single life if anybody throws a lighted match.

THE END

Patrick Henry's Breeches

And How He Reconciled His Father-in-Law to Paying for Them—The Human Side of the Great Patriot's First Triumph, against The Parsons' Cause

By JOHN ERSKINE

Pictures by MORTIMER WILSON, JR.

(Reading time: 24 minutes 10 seconds.)

JOHN SHELTON sat reading the Gazette, in the corner of his inn. Reading was not his foible, for he was an honest man, with duties. He followed the type with his finger.

No tavern in the colony entertained a more select custom. John Shelton's food was wholesome; his dishes and his linen were clean, like the floor of the taproom where he now sat; his beds were strong, if not soft; and his wines were famous. Nothing rare was shipped to Virginia but he bid promptly for it, and had his reward in his guests. Madeira, sherry, canary, malaga, muscadine, fayal—the gentry with a palate for such matters were also the gentry with a polish on their behavior. Hence the decorum of his house. Hence the presence, over there in the nook opposite him, of the Rev. Dr. Maury of Fredericksville, in grave but cordial communication with Peter Lyons, the lawyer. Theirs was madeira.

John Shelton read the Gazette not idly; he was looking for something. He first made his way through the List of Persons in the Public Gaol. What he sought was not there. He then spelled out the articles which a suspiciously anonymous subscriber offered to sell very cheap for ready money. Cheap indeed if he would take cash for it, since tobacco, the usual tender, was at the moment scarce and high.

John Shelton recognized none of the articles. He made some headway with a notice of a cock match to be fought at Seayre's Ordi-

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Sarah. "She was brown, and cheerful in the eyes."

[PATRICK HENRY'S BREECHES]
Continued from page thirteen

nary, near Hobb's Hole, for sixty pistoles, and he read twice the published intention of Alexander Finnie to have a ball at the Apollo in Williamsburg once every week during the sitting of the General Assembly. For a brief moment he brightened at the advertisement of Theoderick Bland of Prince George County, who desired to make the acquaintance of a person such as understood teaching of reading, writing and arithmetic, and should come well recommended.

But his brow clouded again as he grasped the import of a longer proclamation concerning the County Fair: "A violin is to be played for by twenty fiddlers. No person to have the liberty of playing unless he bring a fiddle with him. After the prize is won they are all to play together, and each a different tune."

John Shelton put down the paper, partly because his thoughts overwhelmed him and partly because the tavern door was opening. A young woman came in, with the air of having been there before. John Shelton did not rise from his bench. She was brown, fairly tall, and cheerful in the eyes. She wore no hat, but she drew around her a cloak; and a blind man could see it wasn't for warmth she wore it, but for decorum, the next generation being almost, as it were, present.

She walked over to the bench where John Shelton sat with the Gazette on his knee.

"Good evening, father."

"Sarah," said he, "your return is opportune. You may satisfy my devouring curiosity. What is that husband of yours up to now?"

SHE seated herself beside her father, composed and happy, and spread back the folds of her cloak. "Patrick is fiddling at Benjamin Anderson's. The young folk are dancing."

"Last night," said her father, "he was fiddling at John Wingfield's."

She laughed. "And the night before that it was at Brewster Sims'. He never was in such demand!"

John Shelton scowled. "You abet him in his vagabond pastimes!"

She tossed her head. "He is happy because of the child, and when he is happy he must fiddle."

"I have tried to find him this hour or so," said John Shelton.

She glanced at the guests across the room, and misunderstood. "It's too late to make a tapster out of Patrick Henry—he's a lawyer now."

John Shelton laughed. "He's a lawyer the way I'm an angel!"

"He studies hard at it," said she.

"But has he a client?" said he.

"Several, father, as you know."

"I mean," he persisted, "a client who can pay! I don't doubt you make him happy, but he ought to do more for his child than fiddle over it!"

"He meets his problems," said Sarah calmly, "as they come along."

"His problems," admitted John Shelton, "but not his bills. I meet those!"

Sarah looked aggrieved. "The money, father, is a mortifying subject! He'll pay you as soon as he can."

John Shelton scratched the back of his head.

"You don't appreciate Patrick," continued Patrick's wife. "It's his great merit to draw the sting of adversity by branching out, just when you think he's beaten."

"Branching out, is it?" exclaimed John Shelton. "When he had lost his last penny, he married you!"

"If he had not broken his collar bone," she countered, "he would not have learned to play the flute, and it was on the flute he invented the tune they like to hear him play on the fiddle. It's more spirited on the fiddle—he doesn't get out of breath."

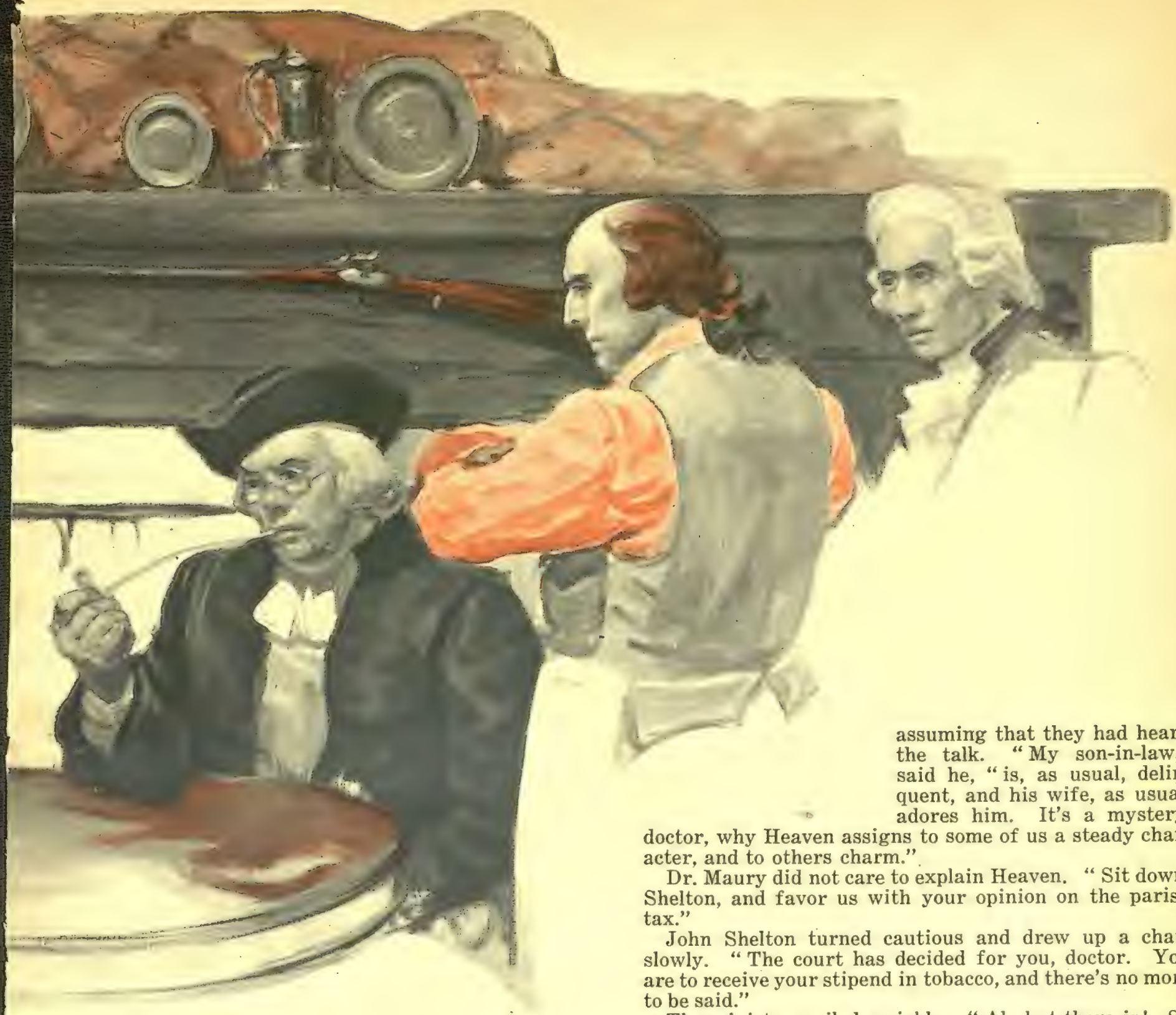
"When his house burned down," answered John Shelton, "he branched out by coming home to me, with you and the child and another on the way! And now there's to be a third!"

"Don't be mean!" said she. "It was a temporary sojourn while he was reading law."

"I glanced at the law he reads," John Shelton snorted, "and the book is indecent!"

She laughed. "You can't forgive him for liking Tristram Shandy!"

"The part I glanced at," said he, "should not be under the same roof with a modest woman!"



Humility in Patrick Henry's manner meant something dangerous. He laid the fiddle down on the end of the tavern table.

She stood up and drew her cloak around her. "After this exchange of opinion, father, I feel sleepy. When Patrick returns he will answer for himself."

John Shelton caught her by the hand. "Can he answer to the sheriff?"

She stared at him.

"It's the sheriff desires to see Patrick Henry, not I. I fear your man must exercise again his skill in branching out."

Clearly she was troubled. "What can the sheriff want with Patrick?"

JOHN SHELTON relented somewhat. "It may not be for what he deserves. The sheriff's manner was not official and he said he represents a committee. Has Patrick been up to anything which might justify a committee?"

For a moment she considered her husband's recent behavior. "No, he has no debts."

"None outside the family," corrected her father.

"I will fetch Patrick home!" said she, making for the door.

"As a desperate measure," said John Shelton, "Patrick might well come home!"

When she was gone, he sauntered over to his guests, assuming that they had heard the talk. "My son-in-law," said he, "is, as usual, delinquent, and his wife, as usual, adores him. It's a mystery, doctor, why Heaven assigns to some of us a steady character, and to others charm."

Dr. Maury did not care to explain Heaven. "Sit down, Shelton, and favor us with your opinion on the parish tax."

John Shelton turned cautious and drew up a chair slowly. "The court has decided for you, doctor. You are to receive your stipend in tobacco, and there's no more to be said."

The minister smiled amiably. "Ah, but there is! So long as the parish feel that the decision is unjust, something remains for us to clarify."

The innkeeper struck one fist against the other. "In business every man's for himself, the parsons no less than lay folk."

Dr. Maury looked slightly put out. "Not business, Shelton—principle! If the clergy are to be paid in tobacco, well and good; we have accepted this currency when tobacco was worth little. But now that the crop is small and the value high, you ask us to accept coin instead and you would fix the equivalent at the old and lower price!"

John Shelton became cautious again. "Since the court says tobacco, it's tobacco you get, doctor."

"The principle," said Dr. Maury, "has been conceded by the court, but there is to be a supplementary suit to determine the arrears which the parish owes us. Mr. Lyons here, as you know, is my counsel."

John Shelton nodded. "The new cause is to be pleaded soon?"

"Next week."

"John Lewis will, I suppose, defend the parish, as before?"

Dr. Maury smiled. "He has withdrawn from the case."

John Shelton looked depressed. "If that is so, doctor, and if Mr. Lyons pleads for you, there is no question of the result."

But Dr. Maury now looked depressed and the silent Mr. Lyons was not cheerful. "This supplementary suit," said the minister, "will be tried by a jury."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[PATRICK HENRY'S BREECHES]
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John Shelton got over his depression. "In other words, the ratepayers will determine how much they must pay! Never mind, doctor; even the poor can be just."

There was in his speech something which Dr. Maury did not like. "Justice," said he stiffly, "is not to be determined by popular vote. We are entitled, like other men, to what is ours, and to nothing more."

John Shelton nodded approval. "I wish my son-in-law held that idea, especially the last part of it. He has very liberal notions. I have to support him."

The minister grew sympathetic. "The young man, I have heard, has had reverses."

"They are his form of locomotion," said John Shelton. "Patrick Henry moves forward like a crab."

Mr. Lyons laughed. "His examination in the law," said he, "has been reported among us in many versions. Perhaps you can enlighten us, Shelton, whether it was Peyton or John Randolph who refused to sign his license."

While he was speaking, the door opened and Sarah came in. "Here he is, father," she called. "Where's the sheriff?"

SHE was followed by a fair-sized youth slightly under thirty years of age, with a high forehead, bright eyes, long thin face. His garments were shabby and his hair was unkempt, but his hands were fine and scrupulously clean. He carried a violin wrapped in a green cloth.

"Patrick," said John Shelton, "Mr. Lyons was this moment speaking of you."

The lawyer was visibly embarrassed, confronted with the subject of his criticism, and from his manner Patrick Henry knew that what he had said had not been kind.

"Mr Lyons' opinion, whatever it may be, deserves consideration."

His voice was neither harsh nor melodious, but the effect was remarkable. He used a curious emphasis, or inflection, which molded the words into unexpected meanings and stirred the spirit inexplicably. "Consideration," as he pronounced it, sounded of fate and doom.

Sarah watched him, standing there in the middle of the floor with the fiddle under his arm. She saw the slight smile up one side of his face. He always smiled so, she knew, when his hearers and he were out of accord.

John Shelton was in a bad temper. "Mr. Lyons threw such a doubt upon your examination as I should regret to let pass."

"I beg of you!" interrupted the lawyer. "My remark was ill-timed and might be misinterpreted!"

Patrick Henry smiled again. "I guess your judgment of me—that I am ignorant of law. Compared with you, sir, I am."

The lawyer looked relieved, plainly disarmed, and Sarah felt sorry for him. Humility in Patrick Henry's manner meant something dangerous.

Patrick laid the fiddle down on the end of the tavern table. "Did you say the sheriff desires to see me?"

By way of rebuke, John Shelton picked up the fiddle as though it might poison food, and laid it on the cupboard shelf, next to an old pipe and a package of tobacco. "The sheriff will return before the evening is gone. Have the goodness to stay home till he comes!"

Patrick sat down at the table with Dr. Maury. "Let him hasten or he must look for me in my bed!" He glanced at Sarah and laughed.

Dr. Maury frowned at him. "You are a fiddler, I perceive!"

"That among other things."

"Music in moderation," said the doctor, "should not be discouraged."

Patrick stretched his legs under the table. "I have not yet had my fill of it. Sarah, why don't you sit down?"

His wife glanced from him to her father and back again. "Since the sheriff delays, I'll retire to my room. Call me if you need me, Patrick!"

"I will!" he replied, very cheerful, and they listened. while she went slowly upstairs.

John Shelton was puzzled to know what to do with his son-in-law, now he had got him home. He feared the gentlemen would resent the freedom with which the

young man sprawled at their table. Already Mr. Lyons, prim and correct, was inspecting the eccentricities of Patrick's costume. The coat was shamelessly patched, as though the wearer would put an accent on patches, and the breeches were torn just above the right knee. Patrick put the right knee upon the left, so the tear would show.

As if to relieve the innkeeper's embarrassment, Dr. Maury touched his empty glass. "Your madeira is excellent! Will not you and your son join us in a health?"

Shelton bowed, vexed to observe that his son—if he must acknowledge him as such—was sitting with his hands in his pockets.

"Patrick!"

Patrick gathered himself together, untroubled. "Eh?"

"Your manners! The minister invites you to drink with him!"

The young man's lips curved in that dangerous smile. "This evening the minister will excuse me."

Shelton glared at him, and Mr. Lyons sat up a little straighter in his chair, this time aware of peril. Patrick eased the strain for a moment.

"Metaphorically I raise my glass to Dr. Maury's health and happiness. Literally I prefer not to drink."

OVER his spectacles Dr. Maury prepared to reprimand the blunt youth.

"Good wine, sir, is the solace of polite leisure! Fiddling, on the other hand, is a vulgar exercise, at the worst clownish, at the best irritating!"

To save the day, John Shelton hastily fetched the madeira from the bar and poured for three. Patrick watched them salute each other and slowly taste the wine. His deep-set eyes were very bright. He waited till the minister was smacking his lips. "At Anderson's tonight, doctor, we were discussing your tobacco. You should have been there!"

Dr. Maury put down his glass. "May we know what was said?"

"We were against you, of course. The times are hard, and if the rest of us must suffer we find it no duty to secure the preachers against all loss!"

John Shelton listened, paralyzed. That his ne'er-do-well son-in-law should attack a guest, and the guest a minister, was a double sacrilege; yet, to his consternation, he agreed with what Patrick had just said, and he was stirred by the unaccountable inflection of Patrick's voice. "If the rest of us must suffer!" There he was,

The day of the great trial, the countryside swarmed to the little courthouse.

with the fiddle just out of his hands; yet to hear him say it you could almost weep at his sufferings! John Shelton stood with his jaw loose, pondering a mystery.

But Dr. Maury was indignant. "You accuse the ministers of cupidity?"

"We did not progress so far. We merely asked whether the clergy were of further use to this dominion, or useful enough to warrant a public sacrifice."

Mr. Lyons smote his hands together. He was deeply wrought; but his hands came together, not thunderously, but in a sociable smack, as though a small cork had been drawn. Patrick Henry looked at Mr. Lyons' hands, to see what he was trying to do, then expounded his opinions further.

"If the ministers can subsist on their reduced income, ought they not to be thankful? The rest of us have no incomes at all."

"Subsist! No incomes at all!" From under the spell of the voice John Shelton emerged to ask himself what Patrick's lack of income had to do with the tobacco crop.

Mr. Lyons cleared his throat and prudently brought the tips of his fingers together. "The laws, in this case—"

Patrick interrupted shamelessly: "Ah, but do you know the jurors?"

"The jurors, sir?"

"Mr. Lyons, you have studied the law, but do you understand the jury?"

DR. MAURY smiled encouragingly. "That is our errand to town this evening. We desire to ascertain—"

Mr. Lyons glanced sharply at him, and the doctor subsided. Patrick sat up and put his elbows on the table.

"Were I you, Mr. Lyons, I would know the men before whom I must plead. I would live in their homes, work in their fields, play with them, dance with them—"

Mr. Lyons lifted his nose. "I buy no votes!"

Patrick smiled. "Justice, sir, is either an idea, or it is something you contrive with the aid of your fellows."

An hour later Sarah awoke from under her feather bed in the four-poster, to find her spouse by her side, a book in his hand and a candle lighted. Across the attic, in the trundle, the heads of two children showed on the pillows. Sarah whispered: "Did the sheriff come?"

"Yes."

"What is it this time?"

"I'm to defend the parish."

She leaned over and shook him, and he laughed softly.

"I'm to take Lewis' place against Dr. Maury."

"Patrick!"

He explained the honor which had fallen upon him: "Every other lawyer has declined."

"Patrick!"

"Amusing, isn't it! The sheriff had to wait half an hour, until the doctor and Lyons rode off. He came from the parish officers to ask me!"

He went back to his reading.

"Is it hopeless, Patrick?"

"Not a bit! . . . Listen to this part, Sarah! The Widow Wadman thinks of marrying Uncle Toby, were it not that he was wounded in the wars, and she is uncertain how serious the wound was. One day, in a reminiscent mood, he says to her, 'Would you care, Madam, to see just where I was hurt?' Or words to that effect. Naturally she is surprised, but on the other hand—"

"When is the trial, Patrick?"

"Next week. Listen to this—here it is!"

"I doubt if I can get your clothes ready in time!"

"My clothes are well enough. '"Whereabouts, dear Sir," quoth Mrs. Wadman, "did you receive this sad blow?"'"

"Patrick, there's a sad tear in your breeches, above the right knee. It will be apparent to the judges."

"I hope so, Sarah. Let me read you just this: 'In answer to her question, Uncle Toby fetched the map.'"

"Don't be flippant, Patrick! You cannot disgrace yourself before the gentry!"

HE put his finger on the page to keep the place, and turned toward her. "If I wear those breeches into court, there will be a rip in the other leg, too. But the garments are, for that occasion, overpretentious. I shall think of something simple. Lyons can do the dressing!"

She was not satisfied. "These coming nights you must apply yourself, Patrick."

"I shall! I told Roger Shackelford I could not fiddle at his home this Saturday, but now I will."

"Patrick!"

"And on Monday at John Blackwell's."

She buried her face in the pillow and would comment no further on his willfulness. He stretched his hand over and patted her shoulder. "I'd like to know more about this Laurence Sterne! They say he's a minister. I belong to his parish."

She lifted her eyes. "Patrick, I have stood by you when father found fault; I've told him you would prove yourself when the moment came; and now, when it has come, all you do is—is—"

She began to cry, and like a wise man he waited till she got through with it. When the bed stopped shaking, he patted her shoulder again as a reward. "Do you recall, Sarah, that admirable sermon Dr. Maury preached on the day of judgment? Do you remember how he stuck his chest out and told us what his personal behavior would be like when the angel blew the trumpet? Didn't he say he would owe it to his self-respect to keep right on at whatever the angel caught him doing?"

"That was not quite what he said, Patrick."

"Near enough. Well, this judgment will find me fiddling and the doctor asking for tobacco."

"I know you'll do your best," she said, "but you frighten me when your talk is reckless. If the parish trusts you—"

"My dear, it does not! The sheriff hoped only that I might be persuaded to lose the case for them in a creditable fashion."

"Patrick, is there a fee?"

"There was, a small one. I declined it."

"In father's presence?"

"Yes."

The bed shook again, but now with her laughter. "I wish I could have seen his face! Patrick, you'll be the death of him!"

Seeing that no more reading would be permitted, Patrick blew out the candle and settled down into the bed.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[PATRICK HENRY'S BREECHES]
Continued from page seventeen

Though muffled by the blankets, his voice inflected itself into subtle meanings. "I leave cupidity to the ministers. Half my argument will be the money I declined, and the other half will be my torn breeches."

Sarah hoped he would be wiser in the morning, and resolved to hide Tristram Shandy where he could not find it until the trial should be over.

Patrick's breeches became an argument, if not in the court, at least in the house. He was for wearing his worst pair, and in defense of his policy displayed a page from Tristram Shandy dedicated to all critics of that article of clothing. John Shelton protested that the family name deserved consideration; his daughter's husband should be safely if not handsomely clad.

What converted Patrick was the rumor that Mr. Lyons had followed his advice—had sought the acquaintance of all who might be summoned as jurors, and would probably appear in homespun, to establish closer sympathy between Dr. Maury and the poor. Patrick was for contrast, not for rivalry. On the subject of his wardrobe he became noncommunicative.

The day of the great trial, the countryside swarmed to the little courthouse, and those who could not push their way in stood at the windows and reported the proceedings over their shoulders to those who arrived later still. Sarah, on John Shelton's arm, came early. They were permitted to sit near the front, as though they were chief mourners. Patrick, deep in counsel with the sheriff, stepped up to greet them as they entered, and John Shelton beheld his son-in-law in the best clothes the Hanover tailor had ever contrived—peach-blossom breeches and a dark-red coat.

Sarah saw the apoplexy just miss him. "He took your advice, father!"

"But I asked only that he be covered! Who is to pay for this finery?"

"The tailor charged it."

"To me?"

"We thought we could decide that afterward, father. Don't spoil the trial!"

Patrick Henry smiled on both sides of his mouth, as he did when he liked what he heard. Shelton turned on him.

"If I must pay for the things, I've a right to choose what I buy! That costume is ridiculous!"

The deep eyes in the young man's sallow face grew suddenly bright and fixed. "You have saved me!" he cried. "Of course you should choose the breeches!"

With that he rushed back to the sheriff, and the judge entered the court and the trial began.

Had Dr. Maury left matters to Mr. Lyons, his cause might have fared better. But the minister was accustomed to command. He sat close to his lawyer's elbow, and put in a word from time to time.

Sarah nudged her father. "Mr. Lyons is not happy. His new clothes do not fit."

John Shelton groaned.

THE jurors were summoned, and Dr. Maury scanned the faces as the clerk called out the names: "Benjamin Anderson—John Wingfield—Brewster Sims—Roger Shackelford—John Blackwell—"

Sarah whispered to her father: "Patrick has fiddled for the whole panel."

"May it please the court," said Dr. Maury, rising, "I do not know these men!"

Lyons tried to pull him down, but the minister was up to stay. "Honest they doubtless are, but the question which we purpose to submit concerns the gentry."

Sarah clutched her father's arm with delight. Across the room Patrick was gazing at the minister with obsequious attention, nodding encouragement. But when the doctor came to the end of his protest—

"May it please the court," said Patrick, "the plaintiff is right. None of these men is a gentleman, and neither am I. Mr. Lyons and I have for this occasion exchanged clothes."

Shelton gasped, the spectators tittered, the court rapped for order. Patrick looked the jury over as though he had not known who they would be. "They are friends and neighbors," said he. "The plaintiff may not admire their poverty, but still less do they admire it!"

Mr. Lyons discouraged his client from further reply, informed the court that the jury would be acceptable, and the trial began. Sarah watched her husband as he listened to the preliminaries. The plaintiff, in effect, was entitled to damages—this jury must decide how much.

SHE knew Patrick was not satisfied with his progress so far. Dr. Maury had given offense to the twelve men who were to adjudicate his claim, and in the exchange of repartee he had come off badly; yet Patrick was unhappy—or perhaps he was only thoughtful. He was working something out, something which had nothing to do with the plea upon which Mr. Lyons now launched.

The lawyer, eager to mend that unlucky reference to the gentry, grew eloquent over the tender sacrifices which the clergy made for their flocks—over their visits to the sick, their care for the afflicted. Patrick listened so politely that Sarah knew he probably heard nothing.

But Mr. Lyons developed another argument to which Patrick at once paid strict attention. He informed the court that the plaintiff was being judged by men who were, so to speak, parties to the case; that the counsel for the defense was on peculiar terms of intimacy with the jurors; that the said counsel for the defense would doubtless try to excite in them the prejudice which would harmonize with their own interest; and therefore he implored the jurors to disengage all personality from the question.

As Lyons spoke, Sarah tried in vain to guess what reply Patrick would make. Her father whispered: "They'll be lenient with the minister now, just to show that Patrick has not bribed them with his fiddling. That Lyons is no fool!"

It was then that Patrick Henry made his great speech and became the spokesman of the coming Revolution. The histories tell of the scene—how he disposed of the benevolence of the clergy by describing the extreme want of their parishioners, of those very toilers from whom the ministers now wished to exact, in time of distress, the last pound of flesh. As he pronounced this part of his oration his voice, they say, was at its best, and even John Shelton was temporarily sympathetic.

But then came the real point. The ministers were appointed by the Bishop of London, Patrick reminded them—the parishes had no opportunity to choose the sermons they must suffer under. Should the preachers have a larger stipend? He argued, rather, that they should have none at all; that they should all be dismissed; that the parishes should meet only those bills which they themselves had incurred. "For," said he, "you can't spend another man's money for him—"

("Can't you!" murmured John Shelton.)

"And you cannot tax a people without consulting their wishes. No taxation without representation!"

("Father!" whispered Sarah, "he got that idea from what you said of his new breeches!")

Well, the jury awarded Dr Maury damages to the amount of one penny, and the Parsons' Cause was over, except for the change it eventually made in the course of the world.

And Patrick was a great man, as the townfolk assured him, crowding into the taproom to shake his hand. Sarah threw caution to the winds, and stirred around among the guests, filling their glasses for them. John Shelton would have asked who was to pay for this hospitality, but his neighbors swore he must be proud of Patrick. That was the word—he must.

THE END

"I wish I could write it on the chart"

"ALL men *should* look alike to a nurse. But they don't—not by any means. We're human after all—so appearance makes a big difference. It's hard to serve a slovenly looking person with the same courtesy you extend one who makes every effort to keep himself tidy.

"What I'm leading up to is simply this:—some men use illness as an excuse to avoid shaving. Of course many patients can neither shave themselves nor have a barber. But I'm not thinking of them. I'm talking about convalescent patients or others in the hospital for observation or minor illness.

"I can't tell you how unpleasant it is to care for a man who tolerates a growth of stubble on his face. All the girls feel this way about it. Just ask any nurse."

• • •

There is no object in publishing her name—but a trained nurse volunteered the accompanying statement during a casual conversation. In light of this opinion and the many others like it can we be accused of over-emphasizing the importance of a clean shave?

If you shave carefully every day or twice a day when necessary—this message only serves its purpose by calling your attention to the razor blade Gillette is making today. We are sincere in our statement—**this is a marvelously keen blade.** It is particularly kind to tender skin—actually gives you a far better shave. Run your hand across your face and see what we mean.

Buy a package of Gillette blades on our guarantee. Get shaving comfort without parallel or return the package with unused blades to your dealer and he'll refund the purchase price.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

THE GILLETTE BLUE SUPER-BLADE

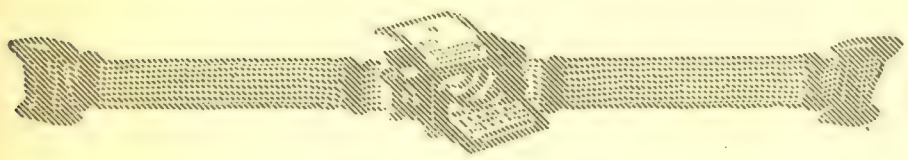
The $2 Kroman De Luxe blade has been withdrawn from production and replaced with the sensational Blue Super-Blade — far superior to the Kroman. You pay only a few cents more for the Blue Blade than for the regular blade and get unmatched shaving comfort. **The Blue Blade is of extraordinary quality—without reservation the finest blade ever produced.** Colored blue for easy identification—it is contained in a blue package, cellophane wrapped, and is made by a distinctly different process. Distribution is not yet complete—so if your dealer hasn't the Blue Blade ask him to get it for you, which he can quickly.

Gillette

RAZORS — Gillette — BLADES

By

HELEN CHRISTINE BENNETT



(Reading time: 17 minutes 5 seconds.)

IT began because of silk—well, anyhow, near-silk—"undies." Yes, they were mine. I rose from my easy-chair on the right of the reading table to go to my nightly wash-up, when the sight of my husband, placid, untroubled, reading the latest thriller with not a thought of an undie to wash, then or ever, suddenly riled me.

"You have the best of it," I tackled him. "You don't have to wash out things. You just let the laundry do it, while I wash and wash and wash! Oh, it's a man's world all right."

"But," said he, "why don't you send 'em to the laundry?"

"Send 'em. Ha! Laundries are run by men. That's why your shirts, with starch, and buttons sewed on, and mending—and you know they are awful to iron—cost fifteen cents, while my plainest silk piece costs twenty-five and up, and mostly they're up, sometimes to half what the thing cost when you bought it. I couldn't afford to keep clean at that rate. Don't wear 'em? You *have* to wear 'em! Nobody wears anything else. Why, if I was in an accident and found wearing anything else, it would be a scandal. Anyhow, I love 'em!"

He gave it up. But it's true—nobody stands over me with a big stick and orders me to wear silk or "near." Yet the man who invented the first substitute for silk, and so put shining, clinging, and skin-satisfying undies within reach of a slim purse, knew his women. With one stroke he gave us one craving of our souls, bound us for life to the washbasin, and made a fortune. Of course those of us who boast maids hand them over. But the vast majority of us are thoroughly familiar with the washing of undies. And, as I said that night to him, every time I get up to save money by washing out my intimates, I feel again:

"It's still a man's world."

It riles me whenever I think of it. But, at that, it doesn't rile me as much as constantly hearing that it is *my* world, a woman's world, and a mighty good one for us women at that.

"Isn't it wonderful what women can do these days?" is a dry-as-dust chorus to me. And when men, otherwise nice, intelligent men, say to me sweetly and patronizingly: "How glad a woman like you must be to live in these days! You can have your work and still be the wife and mother"—and then smile benevolently.

I don't smile. I snarl:

"Oh, yeah? And how nice for you to have your work and be a husband and father! At about one-hundredth the effort I make on the combination job! Change places with me for a year. You'd be surprised!"

They sheer off at that. And no wonder. The minute any woman, married or single, steps from the threshold of home into the world of earning dollars, she goes off the side lines into the fighting arena against man, who outnumbers her nearly four to one.

No one can deny that our influence has been felt. Vision the office of twenty years ago, a bare, drab place where young women, if any, wore starched shirtwaists with stiff collars and cuffs. Soft-carpeted reception rooms, shaded lights, permanent-waved hair, filmy stockings, and

At last the young saleswoman accepted her good custome

It's Still A

high-heeled slippers were practically unknown. The women's magazines ran columns on WHAT THE YOUNG WOMAN SHOULD WEAR TO BUSINESS, and it was a question whether a respectable girl could go without a corset. One member of *my* family asked me how I ever got on a street car feeling the conductor's hand, so to speak, on my flesh! Yes, though small in numbers we have had some effect.

But, getting down to the real answer—we work for money. And the three or four men to one woman have it all over us in the matter of money. We start pretty even, but we don't stay that way. When a woman gets over ten thousand dollars a year, a sum received if not earned by tens of thousands of males, she is a marked character. She gets write-ups in the local papers and in national magazines and is considered remarkable. She probably is. At any rate, I'll wager she is more remarkable than any male earning a like amount, unless the male is very young and merely pausing at ten thousand on his way to a plutocrat's bonus.

All along the line women of any ability take less pay for like work. I don't blame them for it; I admire them. It's often the only way of getting promotion in a man's world. If three people of equal ability are up for a new post and one is a man, he gets it, unless one of the officers of the concern remarks cannily:

"Well, now, I don't know. Miss Smith would do just

dinner invitation. He was a little silly, but nothing more.

Man's World

How the Vaunted Equality of Women Looks to One of Them as She Soberly Washes and Washes and Washes

Picture by
HUBERT MATHIEU

as well, and nobody will try to get her away from us. And she would cost us considerably less."

Says Mary Dillon, president of the Brooklyn Borough Gas Company:

"A woman in the high places must be from one and a half to two times as able as the man she replaces. Even then she may have to work for less."

IF she arrives at the seats of the mighty she has behaved according to a code of strict conventionality. To hear men talk, we women have arrived at a point where, like them, we can do pretty much as we like. That is, and get away with it. According to them, Jenny can come motoring home in the snow and swing the door open with a cheery "Hello, dad! Way Down East repeating itself!" —and dad won't say a word except to welcome Jenny to the family fold.

Can she? I admit that there is a great difference in the way dad is going to treat Jenny. He won't dare to turn her out in the snow to die of pneumonia, as he used to do. The neighbors of 1932 wouldn't stand for that. But dad won't welcome Jenny, and he won't treat her at all as he would Jack if Jack came home with a tale about "that girl."

In short, sex standards are almost as double as they were. Society escapes them as it always did; artists escape them; and the lowest wriggle from under. But the big bulk of our population, female in particular, takes its wildness vicariously through the tabloids and the movies. Codes of conduct for women follow Jenny out into the world of business and stretch to the smallest details.

I had fondly imagined that we won our right to the consoling solace of a smoke somewhere in the course of the World War. But one day as I walked into an editor's sanctum I dropped my hand bag. As he picked it up it fell open and out dropped a pack of cigarettes. The editor said:

"Miss Bennett, some of our subscribers wouldn't like to see that." I gasped. But to my amazement he was in earnest. He explained to me that many of the two and a half million people who subscribed to that magazine were very conservative—his correspondence proved that—and many of them would not like a woman writer to smoke. I sat there alternately boiling and chilling. *For he smoked as he talked!*

AS a young girl in business I had the usual experiences in direct sex affront. Don't believe for one minute that times have changed in this respect. Not a month ago an attractive twenty-two-year-old friend of mine who specializes in the banking business was talking over jobs for girls.

"This is my third," she said. "My first was the kind where you sit on the boss' lap and kiss him good night."

"And nothing more?" I suggested.

"I don't know," she said. "I stayed only the first day."

Try to imagine a boy going to a woman's office—well, you just can't!

Mrs. Mary A. Sullivan, head of the Policewomen's Bureau of New York City, told me that a part of the work consisted in following up men who answered advertisements of girls who wanted work. The girls gave a telephone number and the men phoned and arranged an interview. Desperate girls out of work went to the appointments. Some of them came back and reported to the police; but most of them were afraid.

"*We* had to advertise and send our women detectives to appointments in order to get evidence to convict these men," she said. "Even when they escaped, the girls were afraid of the stigma attached to the telling of the tale."

In a woman's world, or even in a people's world, there would be no thought of stigma.

In one of the department stores of Greater New York it was a regular game for the son of the owner to try out all the new girls who were pretty and for that reason possibly not "nice." The store wanted only "nice" girls. So Son asked every new pretty employee to dinner, and if she accepted she was discharged the next week. Son has a sister; but she has never been employed to ask the men in the store to dinner. Jenny still goes out, you see; she is but one step from the snowstorm.

On the other hand, many a pretty girl has lost her job because she wouldn't have dinner with her employer.

Talk with an honest outside saleswoman. One attractive young woman friend of mine sells women's outer

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

HORN IN ON THIS

WRITE A "BLURB"! $25,000!

464 CASH PRIZES THIS MONTH—2 FIRST PRIZES OF $500 EACH

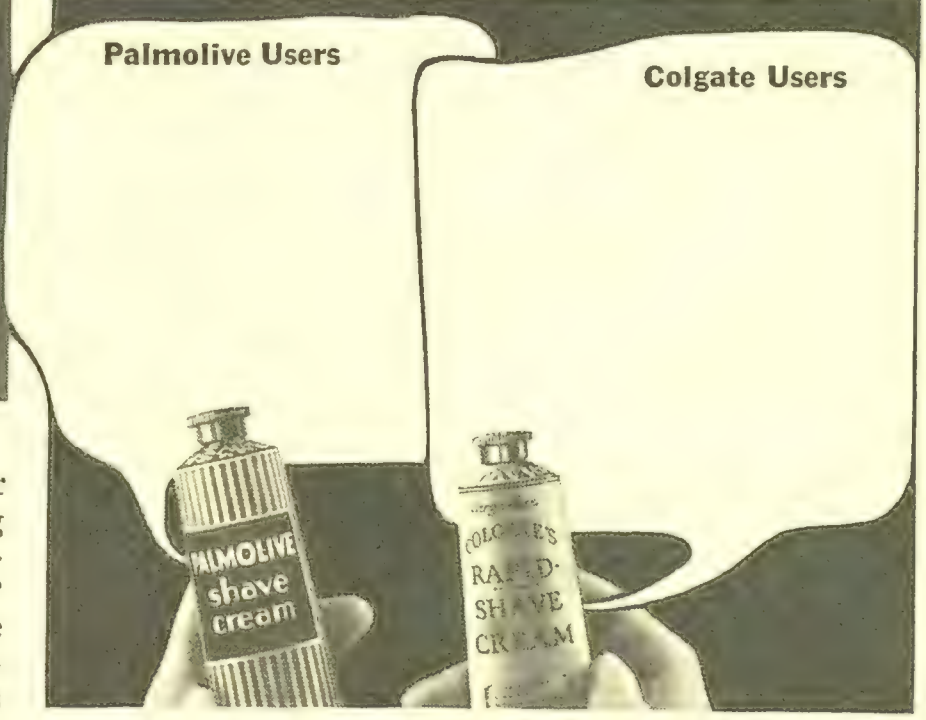
HERE, DAD—TRY A REAL SHAVING CREAM —PALMOLIVE! THERE'S NOTHING LIKE IT!
THANKS, JIM, BUT I'M STICKING TO MY COLGATE'S. IT'S GOT 'EM ALL BEAT— HANDS DOWN!

SURE—ALL EXCEPT PALMOLIVE. NOTHING TOUCHES AN OLIVE OIL SHAVING CREAM FOR A REAL SHAVE—AND FOR KEEPING YOUR FACE FEELING FINE, NOTHING
LISTEN, JIM. WHEN YOUR BEARD GETS AS TOUGH AS MINE YOU'LL APPRECIATE WHAT IT MEANS TO GET A CLEAN, CLOSE SHAVE —LIKE COLGATE'S GIVES ME

G'WAN, DAD—THERE'S ONLY ONE SHAVING CREAM WORKS UP A QUICK, LASTING LATHER LIKE THIS IN ANY KIND OF WATER, AND THAT'S PALMOLIVE!
WELL, JIM, I'VE USED COLGATE'S FOR 20 YEARS AND I HAVEN'T FAILED TO GET A SMOOTH, SKIN-LINE SHAVE YET. YOU CAN'T CONVINCE ME THERE'S ANYTHING LIKE COLGATE'S

Here's where you take your shot at some of that $25,000

Jim wants you Palmolive users to back him up. His Dad wants every Colgate shaver's help. If you haven't tried either of these famous shaving creams, start *now* and get into this $25,000 argument!



SEE those "blurbs" coming out of the men's mouths? Can *you* write one? We're putting up $25,000 in cash for those who can. Get your pencil out—now!

Here's the idea. In a field of 176 competing brands, Colgate's and Palmolive are the two outstanding leaders. They have won an overwhelming preference over all other shaving creams.

We know that Palmolive users swear there's nothing as good as Palmolive. And Colgate shavers claim that Colgate's beats 'em all in a walk.

What we want is *your* opinion. Do you side with Jim or his Dad in the big Palmolive vs. Colgate's argument? Are you a Colgate fan—or a Palmolive booster. Let's hear from you!

In ONE of the empty "blurb" spaces, or better on a separate sheet of paper, just say *your* say. Write your boost for Colgate's—OR for Palmolive—*not both.* We're offering 464 cash prizes this month for the best "blurbs" sent to us.

Here are the prizes for each month—464 in all!

For Best Colgate "blurbs"		For Best Palmolive "blurbs"	
1st	$500	1st	$500
2nd	125	2nd	125
3rd	50	3rd	50
9 next	25	9 next	25
20 next	10	20 next	10
200 next	5	200 next	5

SEE OPPOSITE PAGE for contest rules and hints to help you win

CONTEST RULES

WRITE your "blurb" in one of the empty spaces on the opposite page, or on a separate sheet of paper. Mail with name and address to Contest Editors, Dept. D-3, P. O. Box 1133, Chicago, Illinois. Residents of Canada, address: 64 Natalie St., Toronto 8.

The prize money (totaling $25,000) is divided into six sets of monthly prizes (each set totaling $4200). At the end of each month prizes are awarded (see list on opposite page) for the best "blurbs" received during that month, as follows:

Feb. 29 . . . $4200	Mar. 31 . . . $4200
April 30 . . . $4200	May 31 . . . $4200
June 30 . . . $4200	July 31 . . . $4200

(*Contest closes July 31, 1932*)

Contest is open only to residents of the United States and Canada. Employes of the manufacturers and their families are *not* eligible to compete.

In event of a tie, each tying contestant will be awarded full amount of the prize tied for. Decision of the judges shall be final.

Some hints to help you win

Here are some facts about the world's two largest selling shaving creams—Colgate's and Palmolive. Here are some of the reasons why men prefer these famous shaving creams.

PALMOLIVE

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes.
4. Fine after-effects due to olive oil content.

COLGATE'S

1. Breaks up oil film that covers each hair.
2. Small bubbles soften each hair at the base of the beard.
3. Gives a close, skin-line shave.
4. Gives a lasting, 24-hour shave.

FREE SAMPLES

In case you're one of the few who do not use either Colgate's or Palmolive, they're for sale everywhere. Or—send coupon for generous free samples of both. Mail coupon to Dept. 42, P-O. Box 1133, Chicago. (In Canada: to 64 Natalie Street, Toronto.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

Dealer's Name _____

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

clothing, and turns down at least three invitations, varied in character, every week.

"I work my tact, diplomacy, and ability to lie convincingly overtime," she said. "I squeeze out by inventing sick mothers and sisters. For if he gets mad you don't get the order. One man, a good customer of mine, gave me a slap the other day.

"'You go to dinner dis veek?' he asked.

"'I've told you again and again,' I protested, 'that I never mix business and social engagements.'

"'Bud,' argued my cloak-and-suiter, 've von't talk vun vord of beeziness. Ve go in a nize car up the Drive and eat in a nize restaurant and talk no beeziness!'

"'I can't.'

"'You can'dt. Vell, I dunno aboudt that order. Maybe I see Stinnes.'"

She went—orders are scarce these days. He was a little silly but nothing more.

"For which Heaven be thanked," she said as she powdered her nose. "I wonder if my firm would thank me for refusing his order to protect my virtue."

Get into the professions. Oh, sure, they are all open to women now. Women can be doctors, lawyers, engineers, *anything*. Some of them at God knows what price—I know one woman lawyer who almost starved, her first five years—and some of them, because of the gift of personality, make a fair success. But figure the odds.

Ask twenty people you know whether they would employ a woman lawyer, doctor, or engineer if a man could be found. I couldn't find one in twenty, or in fifty. There may be one in a hundred.

FACING competition on this basis of preference, women must fight for a practice. Take my profession, that of journalist, where the odds look even for women. Stick to writing about women and you are all right. But try to write about business and about the men who run it! I spent almost ten years at that job. The hardest part of the work was to convince the men who gave me information that I was able to do the work of writing about it. As soon as I got a good start I mailed my best published articles in advance with a letter to a new prospect. And then when I arrived many a captain of industry told me bluntly: "You don't look the part."

Why a few curves and a liking for feminine frocks should make me less able to understand the very simple game of big business I never could determine. But it never is as easy for me to get information as for a man.

My last faith in an even chance for women was knocked flat when Jessie Bonstelle, founder and director of the Detroit Civic Theater, who has discovered and trained many a star now flaming along Broadway, talked with me on stage openings for boys and girls.

"The actresses at the top," she said, "get as much money as the actors. But at the beginning girls never get the same chance as boys. Many an actor begins as a scene shifter or a stage hand. And on the stage at large there are three men called for in plays to one woman. Plays are just written that way."

Insurance is written the male way, too. When I took out my first life policy I meekly paid a higher rate than that charged a man and saw them red-ink out everything that could happen to me because I was a woman. Ten years later I rebelled. I wanted another policy, and to get the same kind at the same rate as a man I interviewed eighteen company heads. I went clear through one examination, and then they red-inked me after promising not to. Says I to all eighteen:

"I've been all over the life tables of every country that has 'em. Everywhere on this old earth women live longer than men. The U. S. A. life tables show that they do right here. Why do I have to pay more for insurance?"

AT last one company gave in and I got my policy—as, they told me, "an exception." But they and the other seventeen said:

"According to *our* statistics, women do not live longer."

In time I got a third policy, and this time no fuss, no red ink, the same policy as a man, and the same price. But still I objected.

"As women live longer than men, can't I pay a lesser rate? I ought to."

Never shall I forget the row that followed. I did not get the lower rate. But if I live long enough I expect to. On my desk lies a letter from the president of one of our biggest companies, incidentally one of the finest men I know. Says he:

"The general practice of the best companies today is to issue life insurance to women at the same rates that are charged men. When we come to life annuities, the rates charged for women are higher than those charged for men; that is to say, *the women do not receive as large an annuity for the same deposit.* This has been found necessary on account of the decidedly lighter mortality among women of advanced years, which are the ages at which annuities are generally written, as compared with men."

Now, my female brain insists: "I live longer than a man; therefore at any age I should pay less for life insurance. But I pay the same as a man. Yet, when I want an income policy, I am charged more because I live longer. Why?"

Last year I was asked to become a director of a life-insurance company. The emissary sent to my home assured me that the company would cater to women. I put this up to them. They just didn't seem to know anything about it. They expressed themselves as greatly surprised—and no more. So I am not a director.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[IT'S STILL A MAN'S WORLD
Continued from page twenty-three]

Any married woman who works is wise if she keeps her husband a secret. If a captain of industry finds I possess a husband he at once asks what he works at—which is no concern of the captain's. Also, the captain regards me with suspicion. In self-defense, and despising myself for so doing, I usually mumble that I work at home, that I have a daughter, etc. Sometimes this softens him. You see, the captain, being with rare exceptions a he-male of the first order, assumes that he and my husband have the right to work, but that I have not, and only extraordinary conditions can justify me.

You don't believe it? All right. Let's play a little game. Imagine for a minute I am a male journalist. I get to the captain, and tell him my wife wants a lot of clothes and some jewelry, and besides I hope to do something big some day. The captain sympathizes. He knows wives; he has had two—acknowledged; also he likes doing *big things*. But suppose I, as a woman journalist, explain:

"I want to help my husband to buy a new car, or the kind of overcoat he craves, or a new watch—" You see, you yourself would begin to despise me and him. A married woman with a sob story—husband gassed, sick, or since the crash unemployed and desperately trying to keep his morale—may spin her yarn. Otherwise, in a male world, never admit a husband. As for doing *big things*—keep that a deeper secret!

The people who believe that this is a woman's world can say with justice that I am but one of the perhaps 27 per cent of women who work. To me that 27 per cent is a bit doubtful.

When a man works, the census taker knows it. Even old Tom, who has three hours' work on Saturday helping the janitor clean the church, informs the census taker that he is "assistant janitor." But his wife, who takes in washing and who is the main support of the family, proudly registers as "housewife," which she is when she finishes the laundries. Men boast of working; women shrink from acknowledging it.

YET the majority of our married women are supported by men. Do these women live in a man's world? Inside the walls of the home isn't it a woman's world? Ha! and again ha-ha! Who gets catered to at home? I ask you. Father or maybe the children. Not mother! Mother as a cheerful garbage pail feeds herself at lunch on the scraps from the dinner of the night before—someone has to eat them up.

Mother works without hours, without pay, except what father chooses to hand her. It may be that out in the *world of earning dollars* mother could make more than father. But, for father's sake and the neighbors, she gave up her work when she married. It was heroic and beautiful. But it could happen only in a man's world.

In this man's world women have had a better chance here than in any other civilized nation. Yet the chance still is not good enough. And when, as now, somebody gets cut out of what we are taught to believe the "higher life," who gets cut first?

In a newspaper Dean Raymond Walters made a report of registrations in 1931 in 444 colleges. He concluded: "Where families have felt the financial pinch some have continued their sons at college and have kept their daughters at home."

College is a gateway to more than dollars. It means increased understanding, enjoyment, and depth of feeling toward life. *Why are our girls given less chance unless it is still a man's world?*

At the present moment the men of Soviet Russia are trying harder than in any other country to give women an even chance. Already they have come a long way. Mothers with babies or young children have by law the right to the front entrance on a street car, a right which they share with the old and infirm, while the rest go in at the back. Also they are entitled to seats—and get them. No matter how big the crowds, the conductress has a seat saved for her. But even in U. S. S. R., I found few women in positions of any importance.

"BUT Russian women are backward," I was told. "They have as yet no education." That holds for this generation. But it does not explain, in a land which claims to have emancipated women completely—

Why young men still take their girls out, spend money on them, and ask them to marry them—

Why the Soviet Institute of Mother and Child, a wonderful institution teaching mothers all over the land, teaches contraceptive methods only to women—

Or why, when a mother works in a factory and studies at night, her baby stays in the nursery all the time except on her day off, when she takes it home—while on the father's day off the nursery cares for the baby.

He may go fishing.

Said I to many Russians, "Your women are not yet free," and I mentioned these things. They were thoughtful, but they all agreed.

"You are right," one beautiful woman, who spent two years in an underground dungeon because of her radical activities, burst out; "but I don't want to make love. I want to be made love to!"

I'd be willing to leave that prerogative to the male. But maybe I'd like making love after I got used to it.

I don't believe for one moment that men planned this as a man's world. Men just stumbled forward, battling the way to security in living.

We have it in our power to plan the world we live in.

In the near future this world will be less of the all-conquering he-male's world and more of a world where people of both sexes spend pleasant lives together.

Meanwhile—good heavens, how time flies! This female must stop and wash out her undies.

A woman who maintained that it's a woman's world nowadays will be heard from in next week's Liberty.

In next week's issue—

PRUDERY and BLACKMAIL—

The Great American Crime

A scathing denunciation of the system which uses the Seventh Commandment as a scourge for guilty and innocent alike, by a man who has felt its lash—

THEODORE DREISER

Also stories and articles by
Beatrice Grimshaw—Lilian Lauferty—Dorothy Cottrell—George Sylvester Viereck—Bert Green—William Inglis

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What is the capital of Maine?
2—What is sometimes called white coal?
3—What is known as the mile-high city?
4—How many teeth does an adult human normally have?
5—Who wrote The Vision of Sir Launfal?
6—What is a stere?
7—What is parsimony?
8—What is the scientific name for the thick-skinned animals?
9—What is the largest library in the United States?
10—Where is Zion National Park?
11—Who was Joseph Haydn?
12—What are *belles-lettres?*
13—What is common to Virgo, Taurus, Capricornus?
14—What state bounds New Mexico on the north?
15—What book of the Bible includes the story of the prodigal son?
16—The drachma is the monetary unit of what country?
17—What does boxing the compass mean?
18—What is called Blue Monday?
19—What is chicle?
20—By what name are the first ten amendments to the Constitution known?

(Answers will be found on page 67)

"We Must Go Deep—Slashing Away!"

Balance Our Budget and Justify the Sacrifice of Our War-Dead, Says

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

Governor of New York

(Reading time: 2 minutes 5 seconds.)

A GREAT number of our citizens have tragically "gone broke" as a result of the depression. Yet few of our governmental units are insolvent.

This is in the face of governmental inefficiency, waste, and often extravagance, long but wrongly accepted as a necessary evil.

There is a wide margin of safety between the time when the credit of a county, town, or village should be imperiled—according to the usual standards of finance—and the moment when credit actually dissolves.

We should, however, frankly admit that one reason for this condition in governmental finance is that the power of compulsion is in the hands of government. It can raise taxes; it can create the obligation with the emergency; it can take the law into its own hands because it is the law itself.

History repeats over and over again that government has so acted right up to the point of overthrow and revolution. Nothing of this sort will happen in the United States if we are constantly vigilant to maintain our margin of credit safety.

But we do this every time we fail to balance a governmental budget. Expenditures generally throughout the nation are as high as they were last year, but revenues have fallen off in many instances as much as 50 per cent.

An individual or a corporation without a large reserve fund to draw upon until receipts become normal would be considered stupidly blind to inevitable bankruptcy unless expenditures were immediately cut down to receipts. Yet the majority of our governmental units prefer to continue every existing function, whether that function is or is not an absolute essential.

This attitude is neither ignorance nor lack of vision. It is willful refusal to simplify the organization of government to the point where it may be compared to even the complicated structures of "big" business.

So far, the federal, state, and especially the local governments have refused to reorganize other than upon the surface.

Governor Roosevelt.

Acme photo

In previous articles I have pointed out some of the most glaring overorganizations. We must go deep, slashing away useless units, offices and officials, to balance budgets. This will take courage, leadership, and persistence.

Just as we feel determined to have continued peace as a nation, if for no other reason than to justify the sacrifice of our war dead, we must be determined to have balanced budgets in recognition of the suffering, the frustration, and the tragedy of this depression.

Franklin D. Roosevelt

Another of this series of articles on matters of state by Governor Roosevelt will appear in an early issue.

The White Flower

SHE came to him swiftly, placed an arm through his, and faced the hostile crowd.

The Story of a Romantic Conqueror and a Girl Whose Price Was Doom

By CONRAD RICHTER

(Reading time: 33 minutes 50 seconds.)

STEADYING himself in his stirrups, the tired rider peered again through the high-powered glasses. There it lay across the wide desert, at the foot of the lone mountain, a speck of brown adobe walls with Lombardy poplars rising above it—La Placita Poco Amigable: the Unfriendly Village.

Given a palm or two, it might have been some forbidden Kairwan to the Christian traveler across ancient Morocco or Algiers. A strip of green surrounded the brown walls. On the Sahara it would have been an oasis. Here in the remoteness of New Mexico it was simply Ojo Alamoso—which means Spring with Cottonwoods.

A tangle-bearded desert rat with bloodshot eyes had told the rider of the place. The prospector said he had panned gold from the sand, but the natives would not let him stay. The story of this remote, almost unknown village had stirred something in his listener. The latter cared nothing about the gold. But the prospector had spoken of a rare white flower that grew in the village, the like of which grew nowhere else. And that had been the call of the gods to John Coulter.

Coulter collected for the National Herbarium at Washington. At first it had seemed a great adventure, roaming the Southwest for the department. After three years the fire in his blood had cooled. Now he felt the old youthful flame leap. The rare white flower beckoned. He could feel the thrill of reading in later years herbarium tickets marked, "Collected near the Forbidden Placita."

That night John Coulter made a dry camp under the brilliant Southwestern stars. No sage grew here—only endless salt bushes. Next morning he found, within a hundred yards of his spread blankets, a white cluster of human ribs uncovered by the shifting sand. He remembered the last words of the prospector: The Anglo—the New Mexican term for English-speaking persons—who went to the unfriendly village took his life in his hands.

The sun was lowering behind the lone mountain above the placita when Coulter's saddle and pack horses drank in the running water of the Spring with Cottonwoods. After days of parched desert country, the freshness of the green *cañada* was delightful. To his eager nostrils rose the odors of growing grass, of moist sod, of lush reeds. He himself drank deeply from the cool stream. A knot of children from the placita watched him. Their dark-brown skin revealed a strong Indian strain—perhaps Navaho, perhaps one of the vanished Pueblo tribes. He spoke to the children in the vernacular. They drew down their chins in silence. Their eyes remained dark and enigmatic.

In the cool of early dusk the placita enchanted him. A walled street twisted in Mexican fashion. Acequias crossed the street and gurgled along its sides. In the Rio Grande valley the irrigation ditches flowed brown and rank. Here the water ran clear as mountain air. There were no bridges. His horse splashed luxuriously in and out. It was good to be again within the sound of water.

Dusty strings of last year's chili hung against the casa walls. Mocking birds sang from invisible perches. He told himself that outside of Italy and Greece he had never seen Lombardy poplars so stately and perpendicular. To the narrow street the houses showed only blue doors and window frames. But over the fat earthen walls Coulter from his saddle glimpsed patios and *jardins* watered by the clear acequias. The patios were trodden hard, but the *jardins* sparkled with bright flowers. Barefooted men and women watched with dark, silent faces as he went by. They did not respond to the wave of his hand.

"The Forbidden Placita!" murmured Coulter to himself with growing delight.

His eyes searched for the white flower that grew nowhere but here. Abruptly the winding walls of the dusty street gave way to a central plaza. A colony of feathery tamarisk trees were dotted with exotic rose flowers. A few noble cottonwoods spread their arms magnificently. A church of primitive Indian design stood on the north side of the plaza. The thick adobe walls slanted inward like heavy fortifications. There was no adjoining rectory. A visiting padre must include this remote parish on his rounds.

As Coulter approached, the door to the church opened. Coulter found himself staring like any countryman at a vision. She was like a Virgin out of an old Spanish painting. Her long tunic was high-waisted, with a low round neck and little puff sleeves. A silver cross blue with turquoise hung about her soft throat. Her hair was not black but a shining brown, parted in the middle. It hung down before her breasts in two soft braids. Her

Pictures by
M. DE V. LEE

carriage, as she came out of the door and closed it behind her, was superb. She was like some young, slender infanta of old Spain.

It was at her white skin in this brown placita that Coulter marveled most. Her face, throat, and hands were like milk. For a brief moment she stood on the step, startled to find a strange rider in the placita. Their glances met and clung. Despite himself, Coulter felt something in his gray eyes call to her with impetuous admiration. For just a second it seemed that a voice in those dark, soft eyes replied. He had the feeling of being touched by something rich and ineffably sweet.

Then the glance of the girl lowered. She started to cross the plaza. She gave no further notice that he was there. With simple composure she passed within ten feet of his horses' heads. He watched her walk through the shadows of the tamarisks and disappear into the big house on the south side of the plaza.

When she had gone, he was aware of a soft tumult in pulse and brain. In his memory he saw again the mysterious glint in the eyes of the prospector. Understanding dawned on John Coulter.

"The White Flower!" he breathed. "I have seen the White Flower of La Placita Poco Amigable!"

BEYOND the church a fat brown native sat smoking on a narrow whitewashed portal.

"*Bueno?*" greeted Coulter in the native custom.

The other nodded. There was no warmth to it. His dark eyes gleamed above his cigarette. Coulter glimpsed men and women watching from shadowed plaza gates and doorways.

"I am looking for lodgings," he said in Spanish. He had to explain the meaning of the word. The native shook his head stolidly.

"No have lodgings. No stranger comes to this placita."

"I am here," reminded Coulter.

"If come—not stay long," returned the native. He puffed placidly on his evil-smelling cigarette.

Coulter thanked him ironically and moved on. He recalled an old Spanish proverb that the man carries the knife, the woman the heart. He stopped his horses at a wall where an angular woman watched. Like a lizard darting among the rocks, she slipped through her sky-blue gate and was gone.

Coulter made his decision quietly. He rode to the large house, the *casa grande*, on the south side of the plaza, where the White Flower had vanished. If anyone watched from here, the eyes were well hidden. Coulter dismounted and rapped on one of the pair of doors. He rapped twice. The other door opened. Coulter saw a shrunken native servant. His skin was brown as a tamarisk trunk and wrinkled like the face of an aged Indian.

Coulter tried a new attack, a common religious greeting, and the hard, beady eyes softened a little. "I wish to talk to the master of the house," he added.

"You mean Don Diego?" muttered the servant dully. "Not can. Not is here."

Anger, long held back, flooded Coulter's face.

"Say I am here—pronto!" he commanded sharply.

The black eyes took on their first respect. The man made a motion like touching his hair, and disappeared. After a little the other door was opened, and Coulter was asked to come inside. Stepping across the wide threshold, he saw a deep old Spanish room. Candles had been lighted.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

His eyes remained fixed on his caller's waist. Then the latter saw he was blind.

[THE WHITE FLOWER
Continued from page twenty-seven]

They flickered on the painted wooden image of a saint. In their soft light sat a man of perhaps sixty in a carved Spanish chair gently varnished by time. His eyes remained fixed on his caller's waist. Then the latter saw he was blind.

"I plan to stay in the placita a few days," Coulter began courteously. "I should much appreciate it if one of your villagers could lodge me and my horses for pay."

Don Diego gave no notice that he had heard. The old servant shook his head mournfully at the visitor.

"Is not enough for him to be blind. Must also be deaf. Has been deaf since a sand storm in the desert eight years ago. Can hear a little if talk in his ear."

STILL shaking his head, the old servant placed a chair close by the side of the blind don. His lips near the silent head, Cutler repeated his words.

Don Diego did not reply at once. No touch of friendship softened his reserved face. His voice, when it came, was dignified and firm and in good Spanish.

"We have not asked you here. Not must ask us to entertain you."

"That is true," confessed Coulter. "But I not am asked anywhere. And this is the first placita or pueblo not to show me true Spanish hospitality."

The first trace of apology appeared on the sightless face.

"We have reason," he muttered.

"Perhaps it might be best," decided Coulter quietly, "if I camp on the sand hills near the placita. I will only ask you to sell me frijoles and maize. Sugar and coffee I have, but the rest of my provisions are low."

The blind don stirred on his carved pine chair.

"I like the sound of your voice. Like to show you true Spanish hospitality. But if take you in my house the people will say, 'Don Diego is blind in more ways than one. Eighteen years ago took in Anglo to make love to his daughter—now take in another Anglo to make love to the White Flower.'"

"The White Flower!" Coulter breathed.

The old don leaned toward him in his Spanish chair. His veined hands shook a little.

"You have seen her?"

"I have seen a beautiful white girl in the plaza," answered Coulter simply.

The blind don's voice trembled.

"Not can take you into my house," he declared almost harshly. "Not can sell you maize or frijoles. Had better return in the morning from where you came."

"I am sorry you feel this way," replied Coulter slowly. "Now that I am here, not can leave so soon. *Buenas noches!*"

He rose, and a moment later found himself in the plaza. It had grown darker and pleasantly cool. The stars were out, brilliant and sparkling. Both horses whinnied as he approached. He slapped the neck of his saddle pony.

"No maize or *hoja* tonight! But there'll be gramma grass for you, and plenty of piñon wood for my coffee."

He slipped into the saddle and started for the edge of the sand hills. His camp would take him out of the placita, its life and charm—set him distinctly apart as an outsider. His hope to see the White Flower again would be made very small. But there was little else he could do. No lead rope connected his horses. None was necessary. Cactus, his pack animal, would not let himself out of sight of the saddle pony.

He was starting to sling the pack from Cactus when a shadow moved among the stunted piñons. Coulter laid one hand on his revolver butt.

"*Quien es?*" he called sharply in the words that Billy the Kid had used before the shot that killed him.

"Not shoot!" came an anxious voice. A figure hurried up. "Am Felipe. Come to tell you a house is pro-

vided for the night. Also corral for your horses. Will show."

Coulter struck a match, and saw before him the wrinkled face of the old servant of the *casa grande*.

"So it's you! Tell Don Diego *muchas gracias*."

"Not must say thanks to Don Diego!" hastily declared Felipe. "Not must say thanks to anybody."

"No?" repeated Coulter. "How's that?"

Felipe stammered.

"Not must tell anybody the White Flower heard you speak to Don Diego. She not can sleep if white person like herself is turned hungry from placita. Go next door. Good friends. Say will keep you for a little while. Will feed your horses."

The soft tumult rose again in Coulter's brain and pulse.

"Tell the White Flower *mil gracias*," he said slowly. "Tell her the Anglo will say nothing."

He swung back into the saddle and followed the dark figure into the shadowy village. Near the last house before entering the plaza, his guide stopped. Coulter saw a dark figure waiting.

"The gate is open," said the new voice.

COULTER rode in, letting the horses have their way. Both animals were soon in the corral. Felipe had vanished. Coulter's host helped him off with bridle, saddle and pack. The latter was carried into the house. The smell of browning tortillas greeted the traveler's hungry nostrils. By the firelight he saw his host was a swarthy young Mexican with a still younger and browner wife. A child scarcely two years old stood watching him with bright black eyes.

The meal over, he was shown to a small unventilated room.

"I give *muchas gracias* for the fine dry room," said Coulter tactfully. "But so long have I slept outside on the ground, am afraid I cannot sleep in the house. With your permission, I will take my blankets and sleep in the patio."

His host nodded gravely.

"When have been out with the herd for some time, cannot sleep in the house at first when come back. But have mosquitoes in patio sometimes."

"No matter," Coulter told him. "I have net against mosquitoes if they come."

The desert moon was rising as he carried blankets and net into the rear of the patio. He selected a firm, dry spot. It was clean as the dirt floor of the house. Daily buckets of water from the hand of his hostess had helped bake it in the white sunlight. Her broom had swept it probably as often as the house. Here he spread his blankets, and hung his net from the limb of a tree.

For three successive days Coulter wandered about the placita, ostensibly collecting botanical specimens, secretly hoping for another glimpse

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

New extra-moist lather soaks stiffest whiskers soft

. . . soothes — protects tender skin

FORE! With this new soothing, extra-moist lather you can now tee off for the fastest, coolest, smoothest shave you ever had.

Lifebuoy Shaving Cream quickly brushes up to a big, thick, rich lather that soaks up moisture like a sun-baked fairway. It takes the fight out of the toughest whiskers — soothes the most tender skin.

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Get the big red tube of Lifebuoy Shaving Cream at your druggist's *today*. Or mail the coupon below for a free 12-day trial tube.

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Please send me a 12-day "Show-Me" trial tube of Lifebuoy Shaving Cream.

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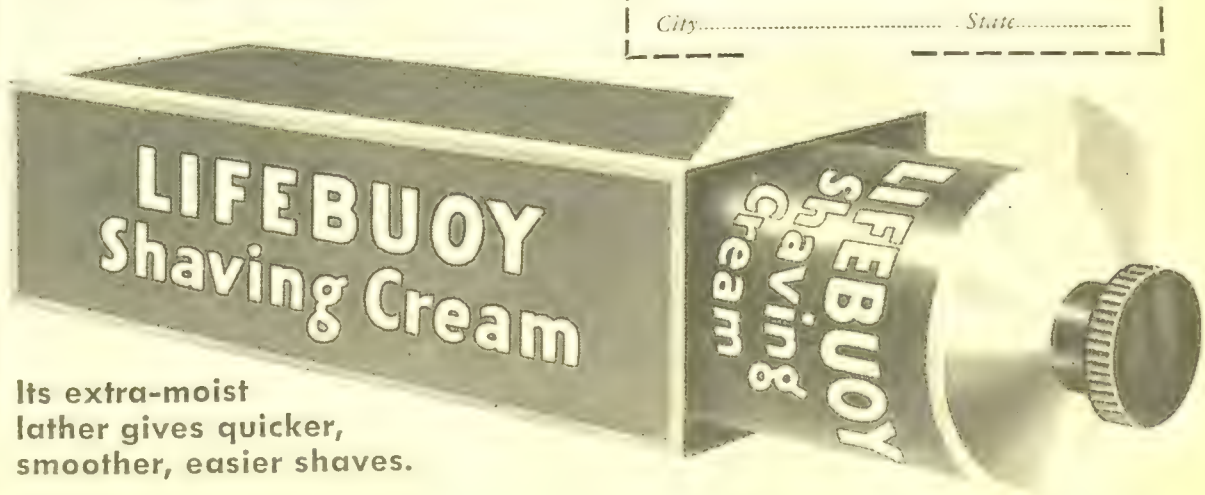

Its extra-moist lather gives quicker, smoother, easier shaves.

[THE WHITE FLOWER
Continued from page twenty-nine]

of the White Flower. The older natives paid him no attention. It was plain in their dark faces they waited impatiently for him to be gone. But the brown-skinned children followed him all day, and with stolid curiosity watched him unstrap portable press and put fresh leaves and plants to press. At least once a day he bought them *dulce* at the tiny tent on the plaza. He told the shopkeeper that his faithful workmen had to be paid; but the man did not smile.

The fourth evening he lay, as usual, on his blankets in the patio. The moon was brilliant silver. He liked to stretch out here in the heart of the forbidden placita. He liked the deep undertones that came from the surrounding circle of a strange, hostile, almost primitive people, whose ways were not his ways, whose thoughts moved in the dark, mysterious mind of the ancient past. It was a sensation in minors, symbolized by the Indian design of the church on the plaza, by the mysterious incense of burning cedar wood on the air. Inevitably his eyes came to rest on the *casa grande* of Don Diego across the brown adobe wall. Those protruding *vigas* scarcely a hundred yards away sheltered all night the slim sleeping form of the White Flower.

Tonight a stealthy step sounded near him. He turned quickly. Through the net he saw a figure moving along the shadow of the row of castor beans. When it came nearer, he saw it was the old servant of Don Diego.

"Señor Coulter!" he whispered.

Coulter sat up and pushed back the net cheerfully.

"Hello, Felipe! Won't the moon let you sleep, either?"

"Sh! *Cayate!*" whispered Felipe hoarsely. "Somebody hear!" He came close to the surprised Anglo. His old wrinkled face looked doubly worried in the moonlight. "Must tell nobody I come. Come to warn you. Is talk around placita you stay too long—must have some bad scheme you want to do. The White Flower is afraid something bad happen to you."

Coulter felt a surge again at the whispered mention of the White Flower.

"Tell the White Flower *muchisimas gracias*," he said quietly. "But I am not afraid."

"Maybe not sabe how bad can be?" persisted Felipe. "When too late, then maybe wish had gone. The White Flower wishes you go back to place came from. Go pronto. Go tomorrow morning. Never come back here."

Coulter shook his head definitely.

"I cannot go yet, Felipe."

"Not go tomorrow morning?" stared the old servant.

"Not go," repeated Coulter. "Let's talk about something else."

FELIPE shook his head direfully. Turning, he retraced his steps and vanished into the shadows that lay between the two patios.

Coulter found himself remembering the incident all next day. The White Flower had thought about him. She had feared for his welfare. They had not spoken a word together, yet a silver bond hung between them. As respect for her message of caution, he slipped his revolver into his pocket and kept it there all day. The brown children followed him as usual. The shopkeeper complained that afternoon that his supply of dulce was nearly gone.

Not even *marihuana* could have drugged Coulter to sleep that night. Before midnight he found Felipe again coming from the shadows of the castor beans.

"Sh!" whispered the old servant. "If not will listen to Felipe, the White Flower herself tells why you must go from the placita!"

Coulter felt an exquisite sense of the miraculous warm his veins like wine.

"What do you mean?" he stammered.

"*Cayate!*" cautioned Felipe. "Must follow with silence!"

Coulter made his way after the old servant. In the shadow Felipe had left the wooden gate open. He led the way to a huge drooping apple tree at the rear of the *casa grande*. With one hand he indicated the shadows. Coulter entered. It required a moment for his eyes to become accustomed to the dimness. Then he perceived a form standing near the tree trunk. By the slim posture and by the wave of emotion that swept over him, he knew it was the White Flower.

"Yes, señorita!" he said simply.

She came toward him. His blood stood still in his veins. He had heard musical Spanish voices, but never anything so softly melodious as this.

"I ask Felipe to bring you over here because you must understand there is danger. My little grandfather is blind and deaf. Not knows—maybe not cares if he knows. But I am young and my eyes are open. The placita not likes that you stay so long. Not likes outsiders since my father came here, married my mother, and then went away again. That year bad frosts and hail came to the fields so that the oldest native not remember. Now all think you bring bad luck—perhaps hail, frost; perhaps dry up the springs. Must go tomorrow!"

COULTER woke up to realize that all he had been doing was listening to the enchanting song of the voice. He had only a faint recollection of what she had said.

"I thank you for your kindness, señorita, but cannot go yet."

"Is very dangerous to stay!" she breathed. "You not like to be alive and see the straight form of the Lombardy—to hear the song of the *sinsonte?*"

"Much," he agreed unsteadily. "I stay because am hungry to see something more beautiful than straight form of the Lombardy—hear something sweeter than song of the *sinsonte*."

He thought he heard her catch her breath.

"Not know what you talk about."

"I saw a vision once on the plaza," he told her. "Now I hear its music. I cannot go from the placita unless this vision goes with me."

"Better go, señor!" she warned him faintly.

He did not move.

"Tell me, White Flower: why wish you to save the life of an Anglo?"

"Feel sorry for him because I am half Anglo," she said in a low voice.

"Just sorry for him?" he asked unsteadily.

She came to him suddenly in one of the fierce little bursts of emotion so natural to her mother race. Her small white fists beat upon his shoulder.

"Must go!" she breathed. "Must go in morning! Cannot stay here and have bad things happen. O-oh!"

It was more of a long breath than a word. One of her white hands had come in contact with his. Its fierceness melted. It lay quivering like a fluttering bird in his palm. Slowly his fingers closed over it. She did not try to withdraw it. The soft flesh of her small fingers seemed to cling to his like wet leaves to one another. He breathed the faint perfume of her dress. He felt the slim, vibrant body trembling in the shadow beside him.

She swayed a little. A moonbeam, filtering through the leaves, lay for a moment on her white face. What he saw in the soft curve of the cheeks, in the dark eyes half closed with emotion, completely overpowered him. Nothing now could have stopped him from taking her into his arms. A little sigh escaped her as his lips found hers. Never had he dreamed of anything so soft and incredibly sweet.

How long they stood together neither of them knew.

"Felipe?" he reminded her.

"Is all right. He faithfully watches so no one comes."

"*Corazóncito!*" he whispered, adoring.

"*Amor mio!*" she breathed.

It was well toward morning when he stood alone under the apple tree and watched her slip toward the *casa grande*. Back under his netting, he lay a long time in a sort of aura. The desert was a golden apple, enchanted without, indescribably luscious within. All the minor Indian undertones of the unfriendly village were forgotten. She had promised he could stay one more night.

All the following day the memory of the night before, the anticipation of the night to come, were like golden candles illuminating his way. Now and then he stared at his watch, surprised that so little time had passed. Before ten o'clock that night he stood under the apple tree, waiting. The hands of his watch in a tiny patch of moonlight pointed to eleven when a rustling sound came from the direction of the *casa grande*.

IT was the White Flower, shy, grave, her eyes like luminous pools, her slim youthful form bathed in some mysterious radiance. A common impulse held them apart at first, as if by tacit agreement they kept in anticipation as long as possible the ecstasy of the first kiss after the day. Then the touch of their hands drew them together like magnets. As Coulter felt her soft pulsing breath grow near to him, he would not have been surprised to feel a spark leap from lips to lips.

"Not know even your name!" she whispered.

"Juan," he told her.

"Want to know it in Inglés."

"John."

"Chon," she repeated softly.

"John!" He kept pronouncing the soft English G, but her murmuring lips could not get it. "Keep it as you say—Chon!" he urged her. "Have never heard it said so sweet."

"But I must learn to talk Inglés. My papa was Anglo. I am half Anglo. Teach to me something more in Inglés."

"I love you," Coulter said softly.

"I lawf you," she repeated. "Now what I say?"

He told her in Spanish. Her eyes glowed.

"It is very beautiful in Inglés. Is true, if I say it in Spanish or Inglés. I lawf you!"

"I not yet know whom I love," he reminded her.

"My name? Eloisa Maria. But I never hear it. Even little grandfather and Felipe call me White Flower."

Hours passed unnoticed as they sat together on the old bench beneath the apple tree. Decorative patterns of moonlight and shadow fell upon them.

Outside gleamed the adobe walls of the placita. Above the flat roofs rose the tall minarets of Lombardy poplars. It might have been a town in Asia Minor, a village in southern Spain. Everywhere fell the white, silent moonlight of the East. The water in the acequias tinkled like the flow of sculptured Moorish fountains.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SIR it's not *her* problem alone...but *yours*, too

Marriage hygiene...the gravest problem your wife must face...vital to her health, her peace of mind, your mutual happiness. Help her to solve it wisely...and safely.

Don't let your wife face the problem of marriage hygiene alone. Don't let her acquire her knowledge from the "bridge-table medicos" and the "tea-table quacks." Make it your duty to obtain the information she needs from authoritative sources you can trust..

Here is the method of marriage hygiene the medical profession recommends . . . the method that leading doctors and clinics have endorsed for many years . . . the method that is gentle and thorough.

Regularly and unfailingly every married woman should use "Lysol" disinfectant in accordance with the directions given on every bottle. "Lysol" is the preferred antiseptic for these reasons:

1. "Lysol" destroys germ-life . . . under *all* conditions . . . in the body (in the presence of organic matter) . . . not just in test-tubes. When you *must* be sure, use "Lysol." Don't trust mild, watery, "test-tube" antiseptics which often fail in feminine hygiene.

2. "Lysol" is *safe*. It is *soothing* and *healing*. Unlike many so-called non-poisonous antiseptics, "Lysol" contains no free caustic alkali to sear, burn, or desensitize tissue.

3. "Lysol" has great penetrating qualities (because of low surface tension). It *searches out* and destroys germ-life lurking in hidden folds and crevices which other antiseptics fail to reach.

4. "Lysol" is economical. A "Lysol" treatment costs less than 1 cent.

5. "Lysol" is always uniform and, no matter where or how long you keep it, it *never loses strength* or effectiveness.

6. "Lysol" has been used by the medical profession for over 40 years for the delicate services of childbirth.

Act now. Discuss the subject frankly with your wife. Help her to see the vast importance of correct marriage hygiene. Nothing you can do will so increase her love and respect for you. Nothing will so deepen the bonds between you. Nothing will add so much to your happiness.

Lysol Disinfectant

Tell your wife to send for this booklet
(Or fill in her name and mail it yourself)

LEHN & FINK, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J. *Dept. G32*
Sole Distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant

Please send me free, postpaid, a copy of "The Facts About Feminine Hygiene."

Name _____

Address _____

© Lehn & Fink, Inc., 1932

[THE WHITE FLOWER
Continued from page thirty-one]

On the air was the fragrant scent of *la rosa de Castilla* blended with the pungent breath of geraniums.

Snuggled in his arms, she asked about many things Anglo. He told her of New York, of his trips to England. She listened with unwinking eyes. Twice she raised her head.

"You not tell make-believe to your White Flower?"

"Everything I tell you, Eloisita, will be true," he promised.

"If you married with me, you never would run away?"

"Never!"

"My papa ran away."

"We do not know what happened there," said Coulter gently. "It happened too long ago."

"But you could not marry and take me out to this wonderful Anglo world. Am just a placita girl. Except what my little grandfather has taught me, have never even sat in a school. You would be much ashamed."

"Not ashamed of you anywhere, White Flower. You would be like a princess to my American and English friends. If you wished to learn, our marriage would be the school and I the teacher."

"What a wonderful teacher!" she worshiped. "But my little grandfather never lets me marry you. The people would be afraid trouble again comes to the placita. And I never can run away from a blind old man."

"Must be some way out, *querida mia*," he promised; but his voice held its first hint of trouble.

She clung to him tightly, frightened now that she faced the future. "Is no way out," she murmured. "A little happiness for a few nights, like my poor mamma. Then—"

On the roof, supported by the anxious Felipe, stood Don Diego himself.

Coulter collected no specimens next morning. He lay in the shadow of a cottonwood and tried to decide what to do. Some distance away the group of brown-skinned children watched and whispered. Coulter sat up abruptly as someone pattered behind him. It was Felipe. His wrinkled brown face looked solemn.

"Don Diego wants you at the *casa grande!*"

"I'll be over right away," promised Coulter. He rose, brushed the dust from his clothes, and wondered what might have happened. Had someone seen them together and reported it to the blind don? Had the White Flower been unable to keep the secret any longer from her grandfather? There would be an end, at any rate, to this waiting—this helpless suspense.

FELIPE opened the blue door at the sound of his step on the portal. In his carved pine chair sat the blind Don Diego. Coulter's step faltered. On the chair's arm, with one of her own about the shoulder of her grandfather, sat the White Flower. Coulter's eyes drank in the loveliness of her face. It was but the second time he had seen it by day.

"You not speak?" observed the blind don after a few moments.

Coulter got himself in hand. His lips almost brushed her dress as he bent his head to the ear of the don.

"It was the sight of your granddaughter, sir," he answered truthfully. "Your greatest affliction is that you cannot see her beauty."

Don Diego stirred in his chair, displeased.

"Not wanted her to stay in the room. She said must be here today. Señor, Señorita Eloisa Maria Vigil! Flora Blanca, Señor—"

"Coulter," supplied the caller. He raised his glance gravely to the White Flower. "It is an honor, señorita!"

"*Gracias, señor!*" Her eyes appealed to him to be steady and strong. He caught a glimpse of Felipe standing in the doorway, his old face wrinkled in a sardonic grin.

Then, for the first time, he became conscious of still another figure, that of an aged native, in the shadows. He was seated on the floor, Indian fashion, his deep eyes burning through the wall with a sort of ignoring contempt for the presence of the Anglo. Coulter knew him for the *curandero*, or witch doctor, of the placita.

Don Diego's sightless eyes stared. "Felipe tells me you go around the placita looking at plants?"

"It is my profession," acknowledged Coulter.

THE don leaned forward anxiously.

"A very strange thing has happened me. Three nights I have dreamed the same dream. Am standing on the roof of my *casa*. You come up the ladder with a flower. My granddaughter hands it to me. I rub it on my eyes, and my blindness is gone! Can see clear again, like when a boy. Can see the flower you gave me. It is like what we call *la parajilla;* but that is red and small, while the flower in my dream is large and blue."

"That is quite a coincidence," commented Coulter slowly.

"Such a flower grows?" eagerly begged the don.

"Not here. Farther north, on the higher mountains, I have collected it. In Colorado it is very common. In Inglés we call it the Rocky Mountain columbine."

"You could get such a flower for me?" pleaded the don.

"I think I could," said Coulter. He hesitated. "But I could not promise it will cure your blindness, Don Diego. The truth is, I am sure it will not. From what I have seen of your eyes, I believe only a skillful eye surgeon can help you. I will be glad to take you to such a man in Albuquerque. But you must not expect a flower to help you."

"Will help!" came the guttural of Geronimo, the witch doctor, from the floor. "If dream three times, will come true!"

"You bring me such a flower, señor?" begged the don.

Coulter hesitated painfully. Either way he was caught. If he refused, the don and probably the entire placita would be more bitterly turned against him. If he accepted, perhaps worse disappointment and feeling would follow; for the flower surely would not restore the don to sight. Looking up, Coulter saw the White Flower's soft eyes pleading.

"I will go," he decided simply. "But will need some provisions."

"*Muy bien!*" breathed the don. "What need shall be furnished without money. As many men as need shall go along."

Coulter would have preferred to go alone. The don insisted on at least one attendant. On the way home the latter could be sent ahead with the news that the miraculous flower was coming. Coulter chose a wiry, brown-skinned youth of sixteen, the only male in the placita who had smiled at him. The don had the pack of Cactus loaded with frijoles, maize, and the indispensable chili and *ajo*. The White Flower sent a soft light Navaho blanket by Felipe, who declared solemnly in front of the watchers it was an offering for the success of the expedition. But both Coulter and Felipe secretly knew it was to give her lover something of hers to keep close to him while away.

Coulter had predicted they might be away two weeks. But on the rocky sides of one of the lesser Truchas peaks he found the desired flower in such richness and size that he went no farther. Some of the flowers he put away between the leaves of his press. Some he stowed with water in a waterproof bag. Still others he dug out, root and all, and boxed them in pasteboard. The sixth day they were on their way back to the placita. The tenth night they made a dry camp on the desert. In the morning the boy said he could see the placita with his naked eyes. Coulter looked and saw it plainly through his glasses.

THE boy rode ahead at a gallop with the news. Coulter followed more leisurely on his pony with Cactus and the packed plants. He wished the uncomfortable event over. He wished it more when, late that afternoon, he arrived in the placita and found the people congregated in the plaza. It was like a religious fête, like the annual feast to the placita's patron saint. Men, women, and children wore their brightest garments. As Coulter rode up in front of the *casa grande*, the old witch doctor, Geronimo, came up and held his hands like a priest over the canvas-covered pack on Cactus.

A murmur of growing excitement rose from the villagers. Out of one of the blue doors the figure of the White Flower had appeared, leading the blind Don Diego. She flashed to Coulter a glance of joy and thankfulness at his return.

He told himself he had never seen anyone half so beautiful. She wore a tunic of ivory leno with deep old lace about her slim shoulders. Her silver cross had given way to an ancient filigree cross of gold. Long golden pendants hung from her delicate ear lobes. Roses were in her cheeks. But her grandfather looked unwell. His hands trembled with excitement. Coulter afterward learned that during his entire absence the don could scarcely sleep for agitation. At the first sound of life in the room he was up, sending old Felipe out on the sand hills to see if his messenger might be successfully returning.

The roof ladder of poles stood near the front wall. Coulter noticed the old don's hands shook so that the

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

HERE'S SLEEP

INSTANTLY.. Without Drugs

NO NEED TO ENDURE NERVE-WRACKING HOURS OF THIS

New Energy . . . New Vitality
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NOW there's a way to get to sleep—quickly—without drugs. A way that will not only bring you refreshing sleep *tonight*—but acts to restore your normal tendency to sleep soundly *every night*.

It is a delightful food-drink. You take it before you go to bed. And fall asleep almost as soon as your head touches the pillow.

It rebuilds your body while you sleep. And also greatly increases your ability to recuperate from fatigue. Your "come back" is much faster—your nerves steadier by far.

This discovery is called Ovaltine. Created by a unique process, it is different from any other food-drink in the world.

How It Combats The 3 Causes of Sleeplessness

Probably the 3 most common causes of sleeplessness are: (1) brain congestion (2) digestive unrest and (3) nervous irritability. Ovaltine combats them *simultaneously*.

First: Ovaltine, when taken as a warm drink at bedtime, tends to draw excess blood away from the head. And combats congestion in brain capillaries which often keeps you from getting to sleep.

Thus, mental calm is invited—the mind is "conditioned" for sleep.

Second: Ovaltine corrects digestive unrest. And it contains a remarkable food property, called *diastase*, which has the power to digest the starch content of other foods in the stomach. Thus it lifts a great burden from your digestive organs. And helps your stomach "rest."

Third: Ovaltine combats nervous irritability by supplying important calcium to the system. This promotes calcium metabolism and provides favorable calcium balance in the blood. Phosphorus is supplied (in its food form—lecithin), a vital element of nerve and brain tissue. A cup of Ovaltine, in fact, provides, in easily digested and rapidly assimilated form, *all* the food elements necessary for rebuilding nerve, brain and muscle tissues while you sleep.

Commence Tonight

Don't subject yourself to the strain of another sleepless night. Get acquainted with Ovaltine—see for yourself how quickly you fall asleep.

Also, observe the permanent benefits you obtain.

As you continue to take Ovaltine, note how it restores your natural tendency to sleep soundly *every* night. Note, too, how resistance to fatigue is built up—how much *fresher* you feel—how vigor multiplies day by day.

'Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine. You will be delighted with the sound refreshing sleep this pure food-drink brings you—and the extra energy that becomes yours with each succeeding day.

NOTE: *Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. It is also highly recommended by physicians for nervous, underweight children—for nursing mothers and the aged.* 887

OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink
Manufactured under license in U. S. A. according to original Swiss formula

[THE WHITE FLOWER
Continued from page thirty-three]

White Flower had to place them on the rungs. Halfway up the ladder he faltered. He might have fallen had she not held him until Felipe came to her assistance. Together they supported the don to the flat roof.

"*Ahora!*" signaled the White Flower to Coulter.

The cut flowers in Coulter's watered bag were still moist with Truchas water, the huge petals velvety as a giant butterfly's wings. Picking out the handsomest specimen now, Coulter started for the ladder. He told himself he was glad no members of his own race were present to see him.

The villagers awaited the miracle. As Coulter moved toward the ladder he had an unforgettable glimpse of the small sea of fixed brown faces. Up on the roof the White Flower whispered happily as her eyes fell on the columbine.

"Is most handsome flower, little grandfather! Shall see it yourself in a little!" Her faith was superb. Coulter winced.

"You must take it from his hands—I from yours!" stammered the don.

The White Flower held out her hand. Coulter gave her the columbine, which she placed in her grandfather's trembling fingers. Murmuring the *Padre Nuestro*, the old man raised the flower to his sightless eyes.

Not even a breeze appeared to stir. Abruptly the crowd in the plaza below gave a sharp, sibilant gasp. The blind don had swayed. Still holding the flower at his eyes, he fell. Old Felipe seemed too paralyzed to catch him. The White Flower, her eyes closed for a moment in prayer, and Coulter were both too late to reach him. Just under their outstretched hands, the head of the don struck the roof with a crash. To Coulter's horror, the fallen figure lay still. Felipe, his hands trembling like leaves in the wind, listened at the chest. His eyes, as he raised them to the huddled White Flower, told their own story.

The old servant staggered to the edge of the roof. At the sight of his face a long murmur rolled from the natives. Compassionately Coulter took the White Flower's cold white hands in his to comfort her.

It was an unhappy act. Dissatisfied rumblings rose.

"Is bad Anglo curse on placita! Anglo is in love with the White Flower! Has killed Don Diego so can have the White Flower. This brings much bad luck to the placita!"

COULTER stepped toward the ladder to meet the growing situation. The White Flower caught at his arm.

"Cannot go down now!" she whispered. "Might kill you!"

"I must! Let me go, Eloisita, I beg of you!"

He boldly descended the ladder.

"The don suffered a heart attack—from the excitement!" he announced clearly.

A storm of savage ridicule greeted his claim. An hour ago these had been Mexicans on fiesta. Now their diluted Spanish blood was dominated by the fierce, unreasoning strain of the primitive Indian. With astonishing agility, old Geronimo leaped upon the patio walls.

"See floods!" His bare brown arms undulated like a pair of snakes. "See chili washed away. See hail! See frost! Our tender frijoles fall rotted to the ground. Back of it see the open mouth of the great serpent. See only one way to feed great serpent's mouth. Must be done quickly. The Anglo—"

He got no farther. A high, clear, incredibly sharp command rang over Coulter's shoulder. He turned and saw the White Flower. Leaving Felipe on the roof, she had descended the ladder. Now she stood straight, regal, and unafraid.

"If the don dies," her voice rang, "the señorita still lives!"

An answering moan came from Geronimo.

"*Silencio!*" she cried. Even Geronimo could not quite withstand that authoritative command. His glance turned to the White Flower. Her eyes glowed at him. "For every hair of his head you harm," she promised, "you must harm also one of mine!"

"No, Eloisita! Go back!" Coulter begged her.

She came to him swiftly, placed an arm through his, and faced the hostile crowd.

Geronimo purred:

"The señorita is beside herself. You must take her gently and lock her in a room in the *casa grande*. Let the women watch her. The men will attend to the Anglo."

The natives answered with harsh approval. They swept up to the lovers. Coulter felt the soft arm of the White Flower tighten like a golden band through his.

"*Escuchad!*" rang out a familiar voice.

IT came from above. Everyone turned. On the roof of the *casa grande*, supported by the anxious Felipe, stood Don Diego himself. His face had never looked so radiant.

"Can hear!" he shouted like a young man. "Since the Anglo's flower touched me, all my deafness is gone!"

Coulter could not believe the astounding words. Then through his brain flashed a scientific explanation. Somehow the terrific impact of the fall must have performed one of the relatively frequent restorations to the auditory tubes.

"Is a miracle!" devoutly breathed the White Flower.

The blind don held up his hand to stop the exclamations.

"I shall go now with the Anglo to his doctor in Albuquerque! If the Anglo has helped me to hear, can also help me to see. Never have I heard better, even as a boy in the *milpas!* Can hear the flutter of the cottonwood leaf!"

He was interrupted by the distant voice of a domesticated animal. "Can hear the braying of a burro!" cried the don with delight.

That broke the tension. All the natives laughed like children. Geronimo himself grinned sheepishly. Coulter saw the wild glaze of the Indian melt from their eyes. They were Mexicans again on fiesta. Their faces showed simple, pious joy at their don's good fortune.

Greatly moved, he turned to the White Flower.

"I love you!" he said in English.

"I lawf you!" she answered. Her dark eyes brimmed with tenderness and tears.

THE END

DETECTOGRAMS

By H. A. Ripley

PROFESSOR STIGGINS is head of the department of criminology at a famous university. As assistant to the police in particularly puzzling cases, he has earned a reputation as a master of deduction and "alibi buster." These little problems, taken from his case book, contain every clue necessary for solution, and there is only one possible answer to each.

No. 2—They Usually Forget Something

"HERE is a good illustration of the old bromide that the smartest criminal leaves some clue in even the most carefully planned crime," mused Professor Stiggins.

"I was in Colshire, a beautiful little English village, at the time. I was asked by the local police to assist them in a rather puzzling affair.

"A man had been brutally murdered. Suspicion had been directed toward an illiterate underworld character who had been accused of sending the following note, found on the murdered man's desk:

sir john when i last seen you i sed i ment bizness i will kil you if the muney aint here by mundy; all of it yurs truley, XX

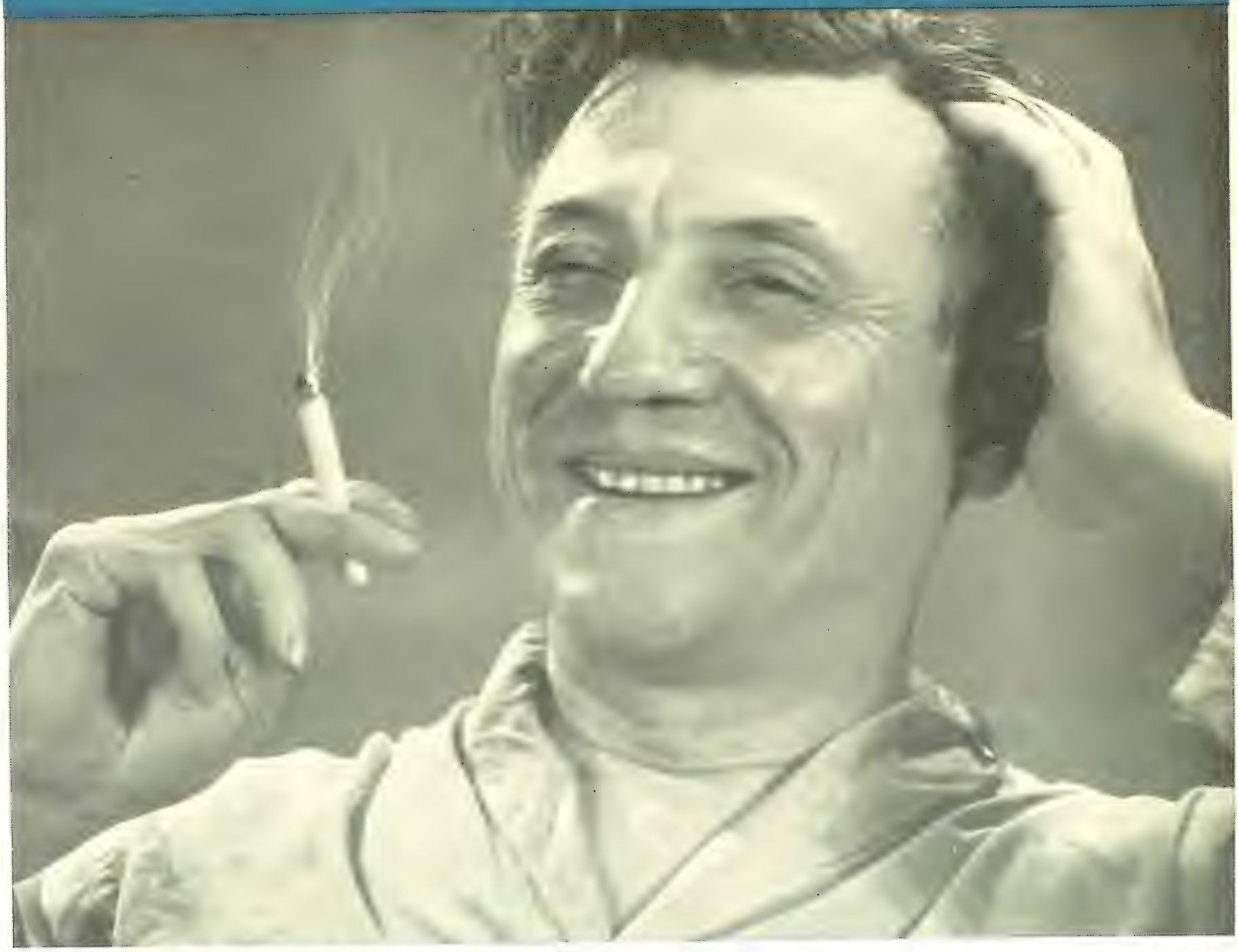
"When Wellington, the Chief Constable, asked my opinion, I told him the writer of the note, and therefore probably the murderer, was obviously an educated man. After explaining why I was sure of that, he agreed with me. The investigation took a different turn, the murderer was caught, and, as I suspected, he was an intelligent, educated man."

"Well, professor," remarked Bill Cargo, to whom Stiggins had been speaking, "this letter doesn't appear to me to be the result of a college education."

How Had the Professor Determined that the Writer of the Note Was an Educated Man?

The solution will be found on page 66

BE "Mouth-Happy"



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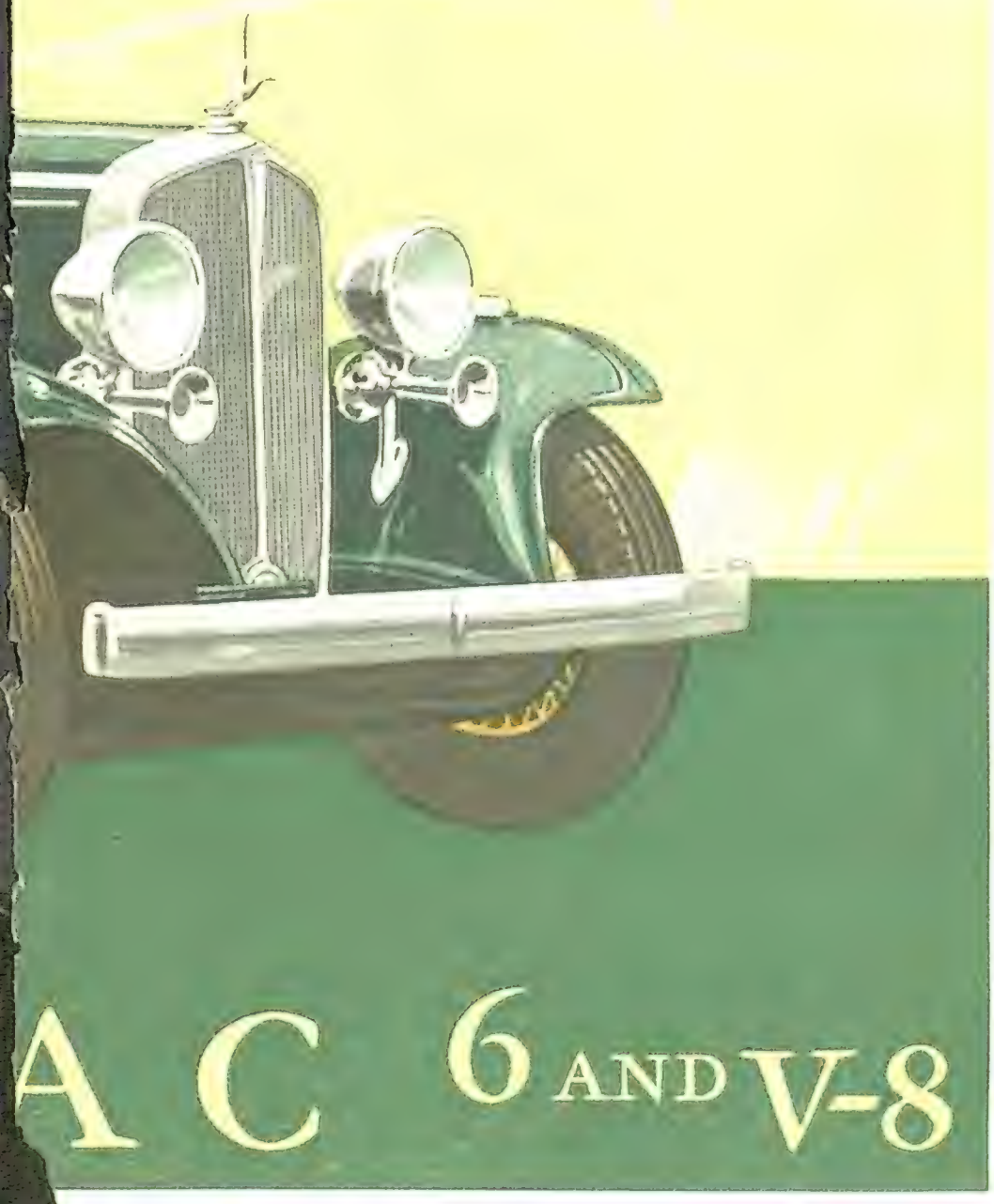

PONTIAC 6 AND V-8

Springtime is change time. New things to see and do—new thoughts, new hopes . . .

For your own and your family's enjoyment, this is the ideal time to trade in your worn and travel-tired car on a smart, new, up-to-the-minute Pontiac.

Pontiac—you know—is the low price car that "has everything."

By that, we do not mean that it is the most luxurious car you can buy. But we do say that it has the wheelbase, roominess and refinement to assure your entire comfort. We do not say it is "the fastest thing on wheels," but any Pontiac will give you more than 70 miles an hour, and thrill you with its performance all day long.

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Pontiac has this year's important engineering developments . . . Syncro-Mesh transmission with quiet second gear . . . Free Wheeling . . . greater power and speed, yet economy of fuel and oil . . . new, roomy Fisher bodies . . . inside locks on all doors . . . full-pressure lubrication . . . *all at no extra cost.*

Pontiac Six gives you all these qualities—yet costs no more to own, and little more to buy, than cars built for economy alone.

Pontiac V-Eight offers performance that will surprise and delight you, no matter what car you may have driven . . . and yet it is low in price.

Look, then, to Pontiac for the qualities you want. Check its low *delivered* prices. Compare Pontiac with the car you now own. Then, and only then, can you appreciate the value that Pontiac offers in the low-price field.

CHIEF OF VALUES

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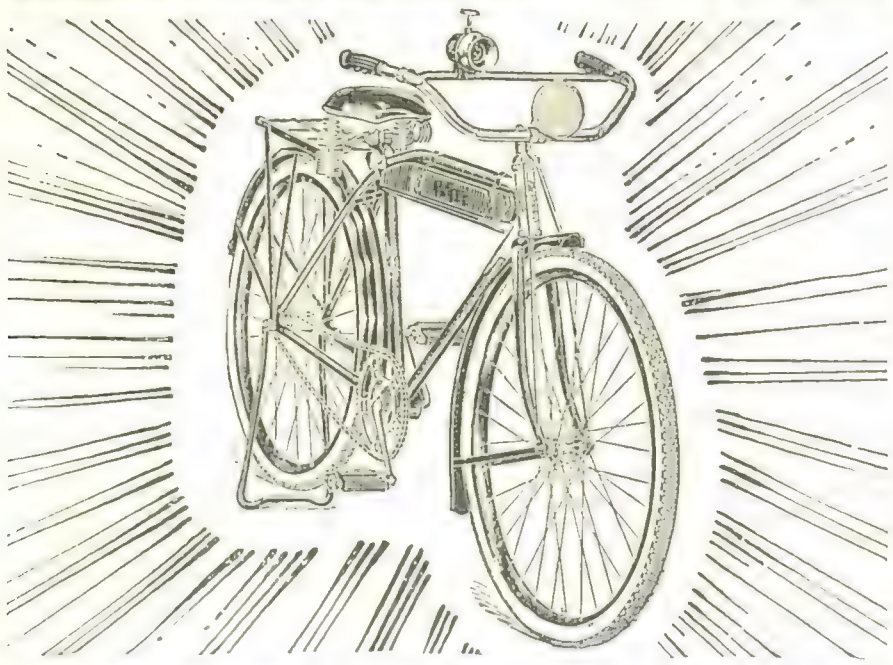

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Fugitives

A New For the Love o' Lil

THE game is up! Sandy and Lil are running for their lives—for freedom and safety!

For two weeks now both of them have been worrying about the outcome of that big haul, the night that the driver of Smithers' number three truck was shot and killed on a Long Island highway. It developed that two innocent citizens were mortally injured when the careening truck smashed into a car.

For those two entire weeks Sandy lay low, and into that time Sandy and Lil crammed more worry, remorse, and fear than they had ever known in the long months of unemployment and debts. They had a wad of twenty-seven thousand dollars that they were afraid to bank—that they were afraid to spend, even to pay their bills, for fear the money might be marked.

This week's cover picture.

This, then, was the price of their bootlegging venture. In the few months that he had been mixed up with racketeering, Sandy had cleared almost a hundred thousand dollars! It would have taken him ten years of hard work to earn that amount of money—twenty years or longer, a lifetime perhaps, to save that sum. That was *wealth.* And yet neither Sandy nor Lil would have hesitated to trade back their old days of easy conscience for their easy money.

During those two weeks of agonizing suspense Lil and Sandy waited for some word from Smithers. It was he who had told Sandy to act as if nothing had happened, meet his regular friends, and play the innocent for all he was worth. But the days dragged by and not a word had come from Smithers. They didn't dare call his place, nor get in touch with him in any way, for fear they were being watched. Finally, last night, late, they heard that Smithers himself had beat it hot-foot for Canada.

The suspense cracked! Sandy and Lil were terrified by Smithers' flight. Their protection was gone, their only hold, the only connection with the world that had them involved. They went into a quick conference.

It was Lil's idea that they confide in Sally Jones. Both of them hesitated because they didn't want to inflict the burden of their secret on the innocent, friendly kid who had it in her to be a true friend. But what else could they do?

Sally came over and listened wide-eyed. Sympathy for their helplessness topped her obvious disapproval, which she never once expressed. It was Sally who helped dress the kids while Lil did what quick packing she could. It was Sally who telephoned for tickets on the train to Albany. It was Sally who copied down carefully the address of Lil's mother where all mail could be forwarded. It was Sally who promised to close the house and to take care of the renting of it for them.

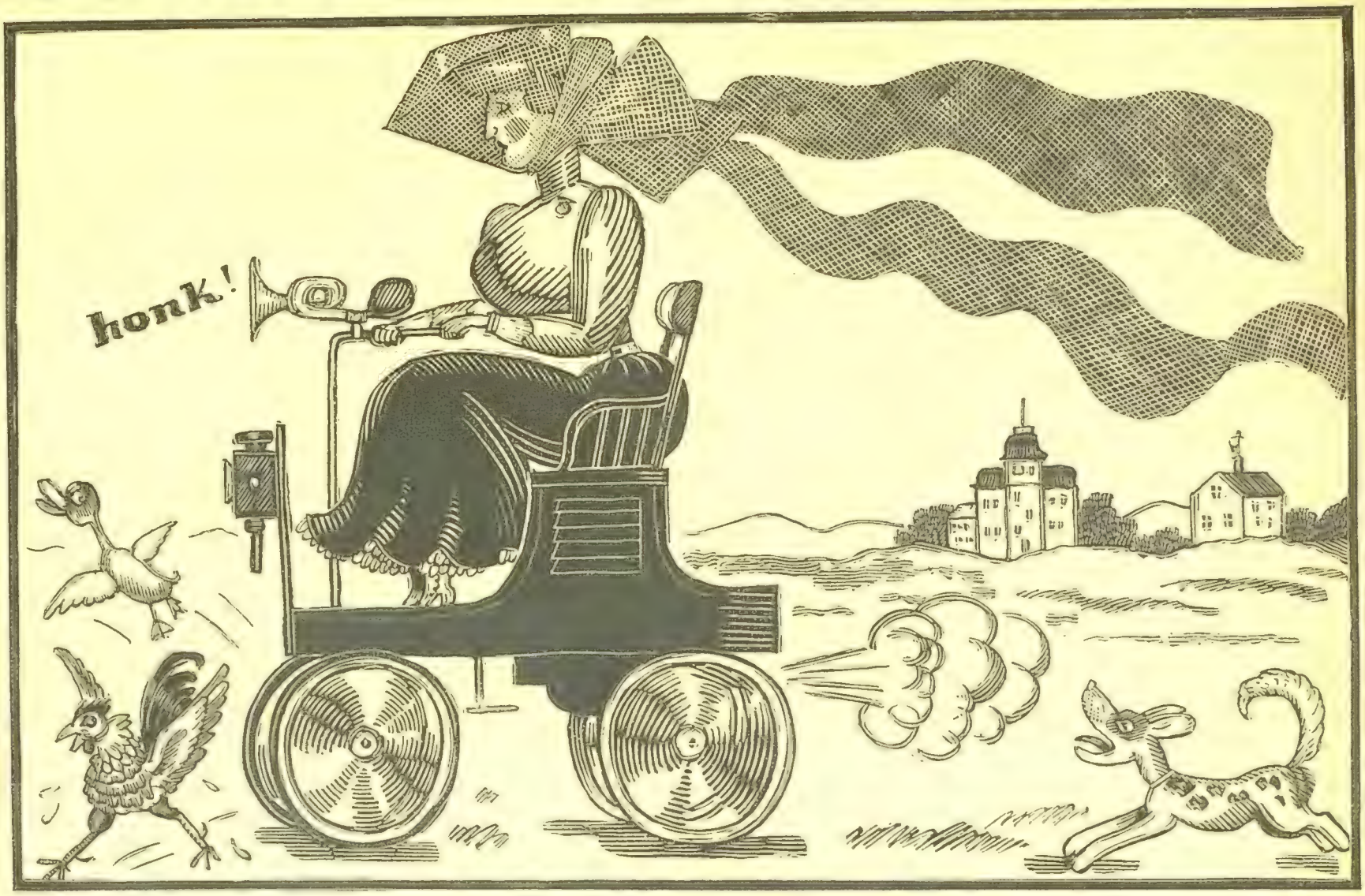
Lil and Sandy were wiring Lil's mother to meet them in Albany. There she would take the two children and keep them with her until Sandy and Lil were safe—if they ever found safety. It was one thing for them to run to a strange country, to change their names, but Lil refused to bring the children into such danger.

"When it blows over," she told Sally, "we'll come for the kids. Mother will take care of them until then. If you can rent the house, send the rent money to mother."

In four frantic hours it was all done and Sandy and Lil were on the train pulling out for—for where? With troubled hearts but brave smiles, Sandy and Lil stood on the observation platform and waved good-by to the only friend they had—their new neighbor, Sally Jones.

(Watch for next week's cover adventure.)

Civilization's Progress by John Held, Jr.



Our Sermon for This Week Is the Veil, and How Milady Used It to Protect Her Old-Fashioned Schoolgirl Complexion

Present Fashions Show the Same Veil Made into Two Complete Evening Frocks

Gustav Frohlich and Maria Pandler in A Waltz by Strauss.

Melody, and

Strausses, Father and Son, the Plot for a Musical Film; Comedies with Joe Brown and Chic Sale; and an Unhappy Bride Role for Nancy Carroll

Earle Foxe, Chic Sale, and Lois Wilson in The Expert.

(Reading time: 5 minutes 40 seconds.)

NOW that the drive to cut down star salaries is several months old it is interesting to look over Hollywood and observe the effects of the campaign.

Just what has happened to the big box-office favorites? To be exact —nothing. Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich, Constance Bennett, Marie Dressler, Clark Gable, Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Ruth Chatterton, Janet Gaynor, and the others are still drawing down the same old pay envelopes. In fact, Miss Garbo's bosses are wondering right now how much the glamorous Swede will accept to forgo her trip to the homeland. Miss Garbo's present contract is almost finished and the new one ought to bring a lot of hoarded money into circulation or vice versa.

The drive hit the players of moderate reputation and popularity. A lot of them are working for less money and many are not active at all.

Despite the depression, business in the nation's movie houses is still good. Excellent pictures—such as Emma, Mata Hari, Frankenstein, and Hell Divers—still play to record business. But bad films do a little worse than in the old days.

In other words, there's no depression for big stars or big pictures.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ A WALTZ BY STRAUSS

CAST

Johann Strauss, Senior ..... Hans Junkermann
Johann Strauss, Junior ..... Gustav Frohlich
Mother Strauss ..... Julie Sarda
Lisl Deisinger ..... Maria Pandler

Directed by Conrad Wiene.
Produced in Berlin as Ein Waltzer vom Strauss.

Synchronized to the completely lovely waltzes of the elder and younger Johann Strauss, idols of old Vienna, this Berlin-made film is delightful.

Here is the story of the Strausses. The older Johann tries to prevent his son becoming a musician, but the boy follows his destiny and eclipses the waltz fame of his father. The end of this saga of a musical family finds the younger Johann playing his Blue Danube for his dying father.

Told with German dialogue and superimposed English titles, this is a gentle, romantic story of the waltz kings of the last century. It moves from waltz to waltz as the Strausses, father and son, compose their unforgettable melodies in the midst of poverty, disappointment, and success, and go on to triumphs in the royal court of the czars.

You never will see and hear a film with a more charming musical background. They just aren't writing melodies like these today.

★ ★ FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD

CAST

Joe Grant ..... Joe E. Brown
Sally ..... Evalyn Knapp
June ..... Lilian Bond
Stevens ..... George Meeker
Pop ..... Guy Kibbee
Fire Chief ..... George MacFarlane
Dan Toby ..... Richard Carle
Mr. Platt ..... Walter Walker

Directed by Lloyd Bacon.
Produced by Warner Brothers-First National.

Maybe this comedy was suggested by the picturesque career of Rube Waddell, the eccentric big-league baseball star with the penchant for chasing fire engines. Anyway, the rubber-faced Joe E. Brown, whose smile is broader than a revue joke, plays a rookie bent upon perfecting a fire extinguisher. He has the makings of a brilliant pitcher, but the sound of a fire siren or the clang of an engine bell sends him galloping out of the ball park.

Merriment, Marriage

By
FREDERICK
JAMES
SMITH

Evalyn Knapp and Joe E. Brown in Fireman, Save My Child.

Nancy Carroll and Richard Arlen in Wayward

Joe Grant, the busher, has other troubles, too. He falls before the wiles of a professional ball-park siren and forgets all about his sweetie back home.

Maybe because Brown used to be a ball player and knows his boob rookies, this turns out to be his best film comedy up to now.

★ ★ THE EXPERT

CAST

Grandpa Minick	Chic Sale
Dickie	Dickie Moore
Nettie Minick	Lois Wilson
Fred Minick	Earle Foxe
Crowley	Rolfe Harolde
Mrs. Smallridge	May Boley
Daisy	Noel Francis
Al	Walter Catlett

Directed by Archie Mayo.
Produced by Warner Brothers.

Grandpa Minick comes to live with his son and, of course, upsets the orderly household of his tidy daughter-in-law. Grandpa chews tobacco, monkeys with the electrical fixtures, and disrupts a meeting of clubwomen. Then, realizing that youth and age have little in common, he goes off to an old men's home to live. Tracing through this is a subordinate story of a little child thief who is won to the ways of honesty by Grandpa Minick.

Mr. Sale does his familiar portrayal of a crotchety, sentimental old fellow. The story moves too conventionally to hold high interest, and the direction is dull.

★ ★ WAYWARD

CAST

Daisy	Nancy Carroll
David Frost	Richard Arlen
Mrs. Frost	Pauline Frederick
Bob Daniels	John Litel
Louisa Daniels	Margalo Gillmore
Uncle Judson	Burke Clarke

Directed by Edward Sloman.
Produced by Paramount.

Nancy Carroll in her familiar characterization of a chorus girl who marries into a staid, old-fashioned, clannish family. In the end the conservative household comes to appreciate the bride's golden qualities. This does not happen until the end of six reels of distraught suffering and misunderstanding.

The yarn moves sluggishly, the events are never surprising, the conclusion is obvious to anyone from the start, the production is disinterestedly mediocre. The acting is none too good, either. Miss Carroll, badly photographed, does little with the chorine-wife. Richard Arlen is lost in the rôle of the young husband. Pauline Frederick plays the haughty mater of the Connecticut Frosts like a tragedy queen.

I know that Miss Carroll can act. So I, for one, will wait her next screen activities with interest.

Do you know that—

Greta Garbo will do As You Desire Me when she completes Grand Hotel?

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

★★★★—Shanghai Express, The Man I Killed (now titled Broken Lullaby), Dance Team, Emma, The Champ, Street Scene.

★★★—Road to Life, The Man Who Played God, Tomorrow and Tomorrow, Arsène Lupin, The Greeks Had a Word for Them, Lovers Courageous, High Pressure, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Mata Hari, Tonight or Never, Hell Divers, Private Lives, Sooky, Stung, Ether Talks, Double Decoy, Arrowsmith, Frankenstein, Strictly Dishonorable, Blonde Crazy, Way Back Home, The Yellow Ticket, The Sin of Madelon Claudet, Susan Lenox, Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford, The Spirit of Notre Dame, Palmy Days, The Unholy Garden, Five Star Final, The Guardsman, Personal Maid, The Spider, Waterloo Bridge, The Last Flight, Alexander Hamilton.

How Colonel House and the World

An Inside Account of the Audience of the Seas" and a Complete Emperor Wilhelm, of the

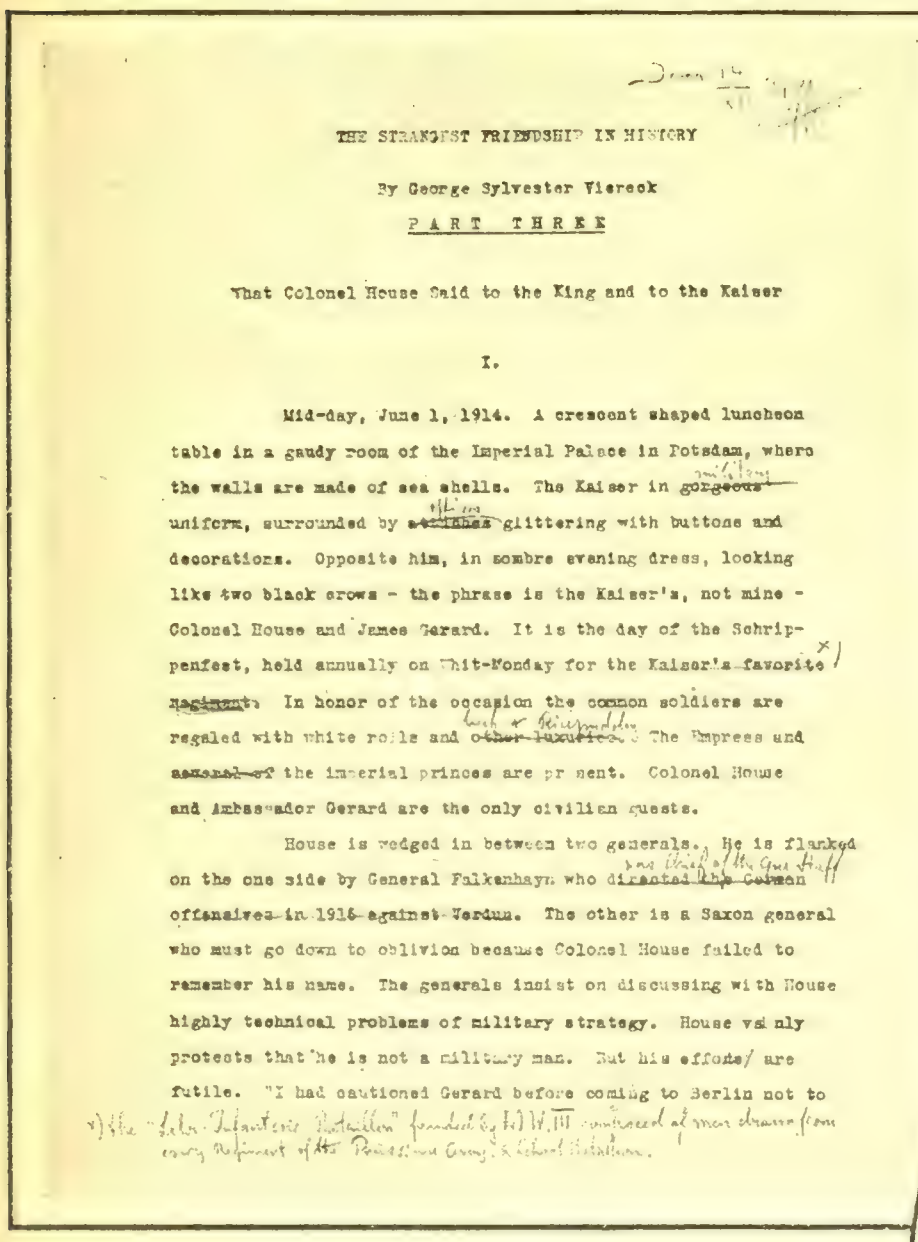
COLONEL

President Wilson's

as told

GEORGE SYL

The Kaiser as he looked when, on the eve of the World War, he discussed threats to peace with Colonel House.



THE STRANGEST FRIENDSHIP IN HISTORY

By George Sylvester Viereck

PART THREE

What Colonel House Said to the King and to the Kaiser

I.

Mid-day, June 1, 1914. A crescent shaped luncheon table in a gaudy room of the Imperial Palace in Potsdam, where the walls are made of sea shells. The Kaiser in gorgeous uniform, surrounded by officers glittering with buttons and decorations. Opposite him, in sombre evening dress, looking like two black crows - the phrase is the Kaiser's, not mine - Colonel House and James Gerard. It is the day of the Schrippenfest, held annually on Whit-Monday for the Kaiser's favorite regiment. In honor of the occasion the common soldiers are regaled with white rolls and other luxuries. The Empress and several of the imperial princes are present. Colonel House and Ambassador Gerard are the only civilian guests.

House is wedged in between two generals. He is flanked on the one side by General Falkenhayn who directed the German offensives in 1916 against Verdun. The other is a Saxon general who must go down to oblivion because Colonel House failed to remember his name. The generals insist on discussing with House highly technical problems of military strategy. House vainly protests that he is not a military man. But his efforts are futile. "I had cautioned Gerard before coming to Berlin not to

Here is the former Kaiser's indorsement of this article as a report of his talk with Colonel House. In the upper right corner he has initialed the manuscript, adding "Doorn" and the date. All the handwritten changes are his.

(Reading time: 22 minutes 40 seconds.)

THE negotiation, in 1916, of the secret gentleman's agreement between President Wilson and the Allied governments was revealed in last week's installment of this series, which posed the startling question: "Did Wilson pledge us to war before he was reëlected?"

Previous installments had illuminated the singular period "when a woman was President" and the break between President Wilson and his friend Colonel House.

The revealing searchlight now swings back to June 1, 1914—first day of the month within which an assassin was to fire the shot that precipitated the World War.

Part Six—Efforts to Strait-Jacket Mars

IN June, 1914, Colonel House had an audience with the Kaiser. "The visit of Colonel House to Berlin," the Master of Doorn said to me on one occasion, "almost prevented the World War."

Colonel House reported the gist of his exchange of thoughts with the Kaiser to Wilson. The present version, revised and amplified by Colonel House and the Kaiser, has the approval of both actors in that momentous scene. It is authentic history.

Midday, June 1, 1914. A crescent-shaped luncheon table in a gaudy hall of the Imperial Palace in Potsdam, where the walls are made of sea shells. The Kaiser in military uniform, surrounded by officers glittering with buttons and decorations. Opposite him, in somber evening dress, looking like two black crows—the phrase is the Kaiser's, not mine—Colonel House and James Gerard. It is the day of the *Schrippenfest,* held annually on Whitmonday for the Lehr-Infanterie-Bataillon, founded by Frederick William III—a school battalion drawn from every regiment of the Prussian army. The Empress and the imperial princes are present. Colonel House and Ambassador Gerard are the only civilian guests.

House is wedged in between two generals. He is flanked on one side by General Falkenhayn, Chief of the General Staff. On the other is a Saxon general who must

Kaiser Almost Prevented WAR

with King George V on "Freedom Disclosure, Approved by Former Momentous Meeting with

E. M. HOUSE

Confidential Adviser

by

VESTER VIERECK

Acme photo

Colonel House at the time when he and the Kaiser almost prevented the World War—as both believe today.

go down to oblivion. Neither Colonel House nor the Kaiser seems to remember his name. The generals insist on discussing with House highly technical problems of military strategy. House protests that he is not a military man. But his efforts are futile.

" I had cautioned Gerard before coming to Berlin not to use the title of ' Colonel ' referring to me, or in introducing me after I arrived," he says. " This did not serve my purpose, for Bernstorff had cabled on my coming, so I became ' Colonel ' immediately.

"Your signature is attached to the Peace Treaty of Versailles. How do you justify paragraph 231, which forces Germany to admit her 'war guilt'?"

"I think," House replied without hesitation, "it is shortsighted to put anything into a peace treaty that is likely to rankle in the mind of the vanquished. The very name 'peace treaty' suggests that such a thing should be avoided. The inclusion of the paragraph in question, under the spell of war psychosis and war propaganda, was an egregious blunder. Some men in Germany wanted the war. This is equally true of some men in England and France. Germany lacked finesse. Luck was against her. But to saddle the war guild upon her exclusively is neither good history nor good sportsmanship."

No.

Share and share alike
peaps and as far as they
represent the Imperial Govt.
Nein
Nein 14/3

Colonel House's indorsement of Mr. Viereck's account of his interview with the Kaiser. The " No! " in the margin, and the underscoring of the words it contradicts, are not, however, the Colonel's but the Kaiser's.

" Most of my time at luncheon was used in explaining to my neighbors the kind of colonel I was—not a real one in the European sense, but, as we would say in America, a geographical one. My explanation finally reached Falkenhayn's consciousness, but my neighbor from Saxony was hopelessly befuddled and continued till the last to discuss army technique."

Governor Hogg of Texas had bestowed the title of colonel upon his friend in an unlucky moment. Unwilling to offend the governor, House had accepted the designation, although he immediately presented the resplendent uniform that came with it to an old Negro butler, who proudly wore it at lodge meetings and funerals! The title of " Colonel " was to pursue House for the rest of his life. It will go with him to eternity.

IT was " Colonel " House who, immediately on his arrival in the German capital, was invited to view the aviation field. It was " Colonel " House to whom Admiral von Tirpitz unfolded his heart. It would have been better if Colonel House on his first visit had met the pacific and scholarly Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg, or Rathenau, philosopher and business executive. But Bethmann-Hollweg was on a vacation. The Foreign Office thought that an American colonel would be more impressed by an admiral than by a business man or a chancellor.

Dr. Gottlieb von Jagow, then Foreign Minister, confirms my interpretation of this misapprehension. The

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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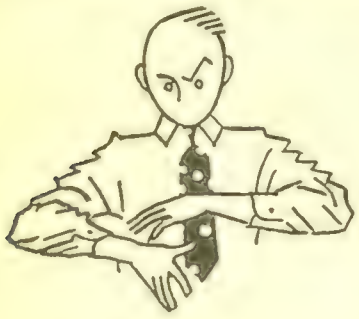

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[HOW COLONEL HOUSE AND THE KAISER ALMOST PREVENTED THE WORLD WAR
Continued from page forty-three]

kind of welcome House received because of it, and the insistence with which the military point of view was dinned into his ears by other distinguished Germans, accentuated in his mind the impression that Germany was obsessed by militarism.

"I have never," House said to me, "concealed my aversion to the military clique which surrounded, and to a certain extent controlled, the German Emperor." His experience colored his report to the President. "The situation," he writes him from Berlin, "is extraordinary. It is militarism run stark mad. Unless someone acting for you can bring about a different understanding, there is some day to be an awful cataclysm. No one in Europe can do it. There is too much hatred, too many jealousies."

This was exactly the task upon which Colonel House had set his heart. But it seemed inconceivable to German officialdom that a mission of such importance would be left in the hands of an American who was neither a professional diplomat nor a professional soldier.

King George V. From a wartime picture popular in England.

In spite of the military honors showered upon House, the Kaiser rattled the saber not even once in his conversation with him. The luncheon in the Shell Hall, during which any intimate discussion was impossible, lasted fifty minutes. Then the Colonel saw the Kaiser alone. He talked to him for half an hour. If circumstances had been propitious, that half hour might have changed the fate of the world.

THE Emperor and the duumvir are walking up and down a terrace in Potsdam. Ten or fifteen feet away from them, out of hearing, stand Ambassador Gerard and Dr. von Jagow in earnest conversation.

HOUSE: President Wilson feels that Europe is divided into two armed camps guarding huge stores of ammunition. He fears the spark that may set the world on fire.

THE KAISER: We Germans keep our powder dry. But we don't play with fire. Germany wants no war—she has nothing to gain from war. I have maintained the peace of Europe for twenty-five years. Germany was poor. She is now growing rich. A few more years of peace and she will lead the Old World in commerce.

HOUSE: But why, sir, do you constantly increase your military and naval budgets? Having already the largest army in Europe, why do you insist upon rivaling Great Britain on the high seas?

THE KAISER: I challenge the statement that ours is the largest European army. I admit that we must maintain our strength. We are menaced on every side. The bayonets of all Europe are directed at the heart of Germany. We are surrounded by jealous and unfriendly neighbors.

HOUSE: Your neighbor across the Channel is not unfriendly. My conversations with Sir Edward Grey and Sir William Tyrrell convince me that England is willing to coöperate with Germany. She recognizes Germany's right to more colonies and "a place in the sun."

It seems to me that an understanding between England and Germany would make it possible to reduce the frightful burden of armaments. There are new worlds to be peacefully conquered. Asia, Africa, South America offer vast fields for concerted action.

England and Germany, with the aid of the United States, can explore and exploit the waste spaces of the world.

THE KAISER: Nothing would be more pleasing to me. I have always loved England. Everyone knows that I was Queen Victoria's favorite grandson. Do you think that I could ever forget her love for me? I have been attacked in my own country because I love England too well. Germany and the English-speaking nations are kinsmen. Many years ago, when I began the culture exchange between the United States and Germany, I paved the way for closer coöperation between England, Germany, and the United States. My hopes were frustrated by England. How could English statesmen form an alliance with Latins and Slavs, who have no sympathy with the ideals and purposes of our race, and who are vacillating and unreliable allies? England, Germany, and the United States are the light-bearers of the world; they alone can evolve the ultimate ideal of a Christian civilization.

HOUSE: I believe that the culture and the history of France entitle her to participate on equal terms with the Germanic group.

THE KAISER: (*dubiously*) Perhaps. I have pocketed my pride more than once to conciliate the French, but my friendly gestures have been misunderstood. Now France is tied to Russia, and England to France. Both will pay dearly for the Russian alliance.

HOUSE: I agree with your Majesty that Russia is a liability to Great Britain. The Muscovite is the most formidable menace to England's future. He would be even more formidable if Germany did not stand like a living wall between him and Europe.

THE KAISER: The English will learn by bitter experience the impossibility of making permanent or satisfactory alliances with either Russia or France.

HOUSE: But, your Majesty, it is your ever-growing navy that, together with your enormous army, frightens England into an unnatural alliance with her natural enemies. England cannot permit Germany, almost a next-door neighbor, to possess the largest navy as well as the largest army.

THE KAISER: It is Russia, not I, that threatens Great Britain in India.

HOUSE: Nevertheless, your Majesty, the day may come when English statesmen will have to decide whether they run more danger from a successful German invasion than from the possibility of losing their Asiatic colonies to Russia.

THE KAISER: (*interrupting*) We never even dreamed of such an invasion.

HOUSE: British statesmen include every contingency in their calculations. Great Britain has no desire to see Germany crushed.

THE KAISER: (*Looks at House questioningly.*)

HOUSE: (*continuing*) Germany's downfall would leave her to reckon alone with her ancient enemy, Russia. But she would rather envisage that possibility than the specter of German naval supremacy.

THE KAISER: I am not building my fleet to attack Great Britain. Germany, without coaling stations, without naval bases, must build a navy capable of protecting her commerce everywhere on the seven seas, a navy commensurate with her growing importance and power. We must be strong enough to defend ourselves against the combined attack of Russia and France. We do not seriously consider the possibility of a clash with our British cousins. What grounds for conflict exist anywhere between England and Germany, or between Germany and the United States? Like Germany, America and England have nothing to gain from war. They can only lose.

HOUSE: I recognize the community of interest between England, Germany, and America. If they will stand together they can maintain the peace of the world. But there

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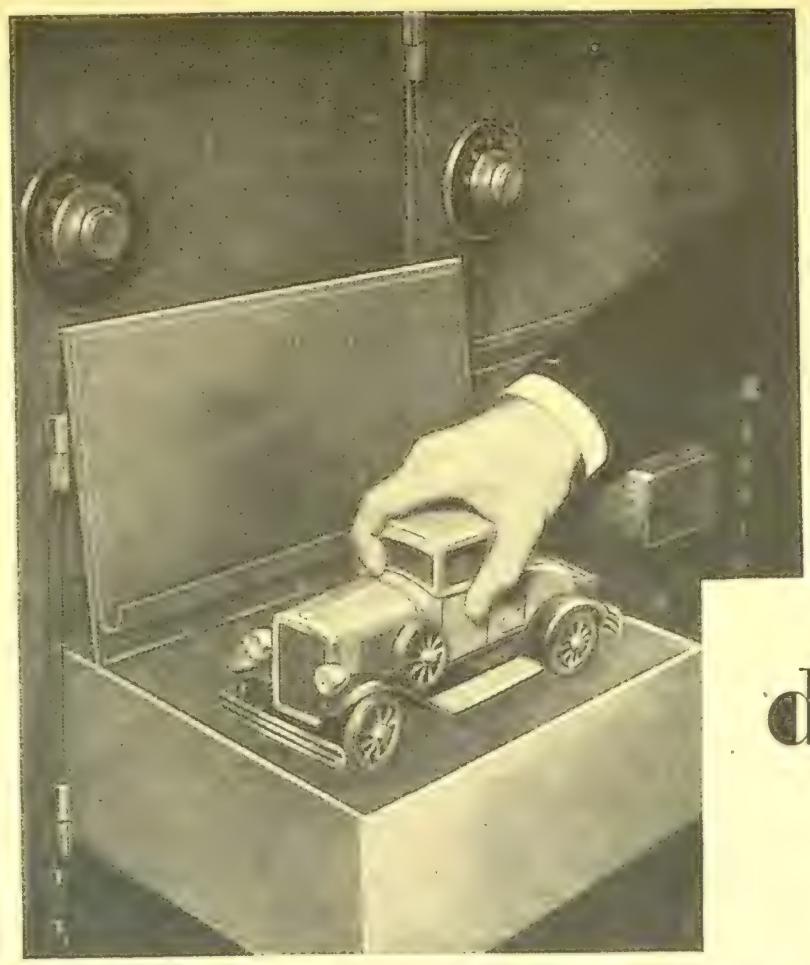

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"The other day, I was visiting at the hospital and one of the men called a doctor to see her and he asked was she bottle fed and when I told him Eagle Brand, he said, 'Well, Eagle Brand ought to see her' so that is why I am sending the picture."

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[HOW COLONEL HOUSE AND THE KAISER ALMOST PREVENTED THE WORLD WAR
Continued from page forty-five]

can be no understanding between England and Germany so long as you, sir, continue to increase your navy. The English statesmen to whom I have spoken wonder when Germany will reach the end of her naval program.

The Kaiser: That is no secret. The matter has been threshed out in the Reichstag. We have formulated a definite policy. We shall make no attempt to expand beyond the point needful to our defense. I am, I repeat, a friend of England. My army and I render an incalculable service to her by holding the balance of power against Russia in Europe.

House: Your Majesty's point of view and that of the British statesmen is so nearly identical that it should not be difficult to harmonize the policies of the two countries. Both President Wilson and I feel that an American may be better able to compose the difficulties which still remain and to bring about understanding with a view to peace. There is too much distrust and dislike in Europe. We are in a better position to act as go-betweens because we have no selfish interest at stake.

This uniform that Colonel House's old Negro butler is wearing is the one House received with his courtesy title of colonel from Governor Hogg of Texas.

The Kaiser: *(nods his head approvingly.)*

House: This is the work I have undertaken. I have come to Germany before going anywhere else, to win first the approval of your Majesty. After leaving Germany it is my purpose to go directly to England, where I shall take up the negotiations with the British government in the same informal manner in which I have talked to you. If the reaction is favorable, I shall return and report to your Majesty.

The Kaiser: By all means keep in touch with me. Any communication will reach me through our friend Zimmermann here in the Foreign Office. Tell the President from me that nothing is nearer to my heart than to preserve world peace.

House: May I ask your Majesty why Germany refused to sign the Bryan treaty for arbitration in the "cooling-off period" of a year, before hostilities can be inaugurated?

The Kaiser: *(very seriously)* You would not ask this question if you realized Germany's unfortunate geographical position. For centuries Germany has been the cockpit of Europe. No natural borders protect her from her enemies. Our only advantage is that we are ready. We will not resign that advantage and give our enemies time to prepare.

II

After his talk with the Kaiser, House went to Paris. But he did not find the French in a mood to cooperate with him. When he arrived in the French capital the shooting of Calmette by Mme. Caillaux had provoked a political crisis. The cabinet had fallen and there was no one in authority with whom he could discuss a matter of so much importance. After remaining in Paris for a week, he embarked for London.

The English agreed with him "in principle," but dilly-dallied. Sir Edward always agreed in principle. But if Sir Edward Grey had shown a little more energy it would have been possible to strait-jacket Mars. There would have been no World War in 1914.

On July 7, 1914, House writes an enthusiastic letter to Emperor William, thanking him once more for his gracious reception. He sugar-coats the recalcitrance of Paris, and assures the Emperor that Sir Edward Grey was "sympathetic to the last degree." He adds that England "must necessarily move cautiously lest she offend the sensibilities of France and Russia."

While this communication is, as your Majesty knows, quite unofficial, yet it is written in sympathy with the well known views of the President, and, I am given to understand, with the hope from His Britannic Majesty's Government that it may bring a response from your Majesty which may permit another step forward.

Unfortunately, when this letter arrived, William II was already on his Norwegian cruise, from which he was recalled only after the war clouds had gathered. House regrets in a letter to Wilson (on July 31) that Sir Edward Grey let matters drag until after the Kaiser had gone to Norway before giving House any definite word to send him: "It was my purpose to go back to Germany to see the Emperor, but the conservative delay of Sir Edward and his confrères made that impossible. The night before I sailed Sir Edward sent me word that he was worried over conditions, but he did not anticipate what has followed."

Sir Edward failed to reveal to

Colonel House the binding character of his engagement with France.

House [says the Kaiser in a letter to me] may have been misled. Grey knew the land-grabbing hunger of Russia directed against Germany and Austria-Hungary; he knew the burning desire of France to reconquer the "lost provinces"—the old German territory of Elsass-Lothringen [Alsace-Lorraine]; he knew the envy in British industrial and capitalistic circles against Germany's successful competition.

Hence he "engineered" the necessary events and complications that presented the Russian hate, the French lust for revenge, and British commercial envy with the wished-for opportunity to satisfy their criminal intentions at the expense of unsuspecting Germany.

Result: A junction of pirates surprising a tranquil land and a tranquil people profoundly at peace with themselves and the world. Sir Edward Grey played the rôle of interested observer who shrugs his shoulders when appealed to, exclaiming, "Not my fault. Can't help it! Those Germans ARE exasperating."

Realizing the heinousness of their offense, those responsible for the conspiracy, knowing that in time truth, like murder, will out, created a scapegoat to turn away the wrath of the world from themselves. They chose for their victim the monarch of the nation they feloniously attacked and saddled him with their crime by inventing the *War Guilt Lie*.

International capital and the press placed itself at the disposal of the pirates and by propaganda (Northcliffe) they disseminated the *War Guilt Lie* all over the world, until even their victims, the Germans, began to believe it.

Ever yours,

WILLIAM, I. R.

COLONEL HOUSE had been in London many times before he went to Berlin. He was imbued with the British point of view. England's leading statesmen were his personal friends. The Colonel's knowledge of the German language was elementary, and in Germany he had only one friend, a cousin of General von Moltke, who was not sufficiently conversant with American affairs to make an ideal interpreter.

Colonel House was not unsusceptible to the Kaiser's fascination. But the Colonel's false impression of German militarism warped his point of view. It was to exert a disastrous influence on Woodrow Wilson.

"What," I asked Colonel House, "was President Wilson's opinion of the Kaiser?"

"Probably," House replied, "whatever impression I had created in his mind. He did not hate the Kaiser. He believed that the Kaiser had built up a military machine, permitted such a machine to be built up, which finally overshadowed him. ["Colonel House fails to realize," the Kaiser commented in a marginal note when I submitted this statement to him, "that the military machine to which he re-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Off days are lost days. Every day unexpected illness causes thousands to lose time—lose pay. How often do you lose a day's pay from Headaches, Stomach Disorders, Colds or some other common ailment? Why stand the loss—why suffer—when most of these common ills can be avoided by the use of ALKA-SELTZER tablets.

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The first thing to do is to alkalize your system with ALKA-SELTZER. It's the new alkaline way to get prompt relief. An ALKA-SELTZER Tablet in a glass of water makes a sparkling anti-acid drink. It gives DOUBLE relief. It both relieves the pain and corrects the excess acid condition that causes your troubles. Alka-Seltzer gives you a bubbling glassful of the vital alkaline minerals your body needs. Try it whenever you are ill or below par.

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Sour Stomach, Indigestion, Stomach Gas and Heartburn are usually caused by excess acidity. One or two Alka-Seltzer Tablets in warm water will bring welcome relief.

Colds and Sore Throat, are a sure sign of excess acidity. Alka-Seltzer taken according to directions will relieve the pain and stuffed-up feeling and correct the excess acid condition.

Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Muscular Pains are the result of too much acid. Alkalize your system with Alka-Seltzer and see how quickly you get relief.

That Tired, Run Down, Feeling is usually the result of an over acid condition. Alka-Seltzer will correct the cause and help bring back your normal vigor and "pep."

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[HOW COLONEL HOUSE AND THE KAISER ALMOST PREVENTED THE WORLD WAR]
Continued from page forty-seven

fers was two centuries old. It was not created by William II."] He looked upon these men, not upon the Kaiser, as the military masters of Germany."

The influence of the duumvir's reports upon Wilson was profound. "I was interested," Colonel House writes in his diary, "to hear him [Wilson] express as his opinion what I had written him some time ago in one of my letters, to the effect that if Germany won it would change the course of our civilization and make the United States a military nation."

All the wreckage of the World War, Colonel House thinks, would have been avoided if the Kaiser and Sir Edward Grey had acted upon his advice. He is inclined to blame Germany most for the disaster.

"I cannot," the Colonel remarked to me, when this question was under discussion, "understand Germany's inability to realize that her increasing navy would necessarily lead to a conflict with England. If Germany had not given England an excuse for war, England might have been forced to provoke a war. She could not tolerate a Germany disputing her naval supremacy. Germany's failure to meet the terms of Great Britain was the most abysmal blunder in history.

"The most abysmal blunder in history," I interjected, "was the World War itself."

"The veriest amateur," Colonel House continued, without contradicting my statement, "the veriest schoolboy, could have foreseen the result. It was the blind spot in Germany's mental vision. I put the matter as plainly as I could in my talk with the Kaiser. He seemed to understand my point of view. But his advisers lacked his mental elasticity. If Germany had possessed a chancellor like Bismarck—If she had produced a chancellor of even moderate capacity—she would not have stumbled into the trap of the World War. She would not have given the Allies the pretext she did, and she would not have permitted the shadow of her sword to scare all mankind. The Allied Powers feared Germany. Paris and London were both afraid—"

"The Germans, too, were afraid," I said.

"Why," Colonel House resumed, ignoring my interruption, "did Germany refuse the proffered hand of England? England made several gestures in the direction of a German alliance. The last of these was the Haldane mission."

Talking over wartime might-have-beens. At the left is Mr. Viereck, at the right the former Kaiser; the others are two of his aids.

"I DISCUSSED this point with the Kaiser," I remarked, "and he assured me that no definite offer of alliance was ever made by Great Britain. The second volume by Nowak on William II reveals that an offer was made, but that the Kaiser was either misinformed, or only partly informed, of its implications and scope. Though the Germans were not convinced of England's good faith, they welcomed Haldane when he came on a diplomatic mission to Berlin shortly before the war. They permitted him to look behind the scenes of their war machine. They feel that he abused their hospitality—that he came as a spy, not as a friend."

"That," House quickly retorted, "is an injustice. Haldane had a warm admiration for Germany."

"But," I said inquiringly, "Haldane used the military secrets which he obtained in Germany?"

"Haldane undoubtedly used whatever knowledge he acquired for the benefit of his country after England was at war with Germany. I spent many hours with Haldane in the privacy of his library. He discussed with me every detail of his mission to Germany. England was willing to go far toward meeting the wishes of the Kaiser."

"You mean," I said, "that England would have raised no objection to the acquisition by Germany of the Portuguese colonies. England was always liberal in disposing of other men's property."

House raised his hands deprecatingly.

"Portugal was ready to dispose of her colonies under certain terms. England was prepared to concede to Germany a sphere of influence in the Near East. She had withdrawn her last objections to the Bagdad Railroad."

"This, too, is questioned."

"THE pact was ready for the signature of the two governments when the war broke out. Germany's path was clear. Backed by her army and by the British navy, she could have achieved primacy among the Powers of the Old World if she had bided her time. Her star was obviously in the ascendant, while England's had reached its zenith. But Germany refused Haldane's hand and continued to increase the fears of the world by rattling the saber."

I pointed out that, according to official statistics, Germany expended less for her army and navy than her neighbors. "English navalism," I insisted, "was as much of a menace to the world as German militarism. England, in addition, spent almost as much on her army as Germany did. France and Russia spent more."

"Nevertheless," House replied, "Germany's army was the most formidable, and Germany managed somehow to put on the worst possible face in every international dispute. She put too much trust in her sword, too little in the good faith of men like Sir Edward Grey and Haldane."

"Germany," I interposed, "had kept the peace of the world since 1870, yet you say that Germany was a menace. Every other great European Power not merely rattled the saber but drew it from its sheath between 1870 and 1914. We ourselves went to war with Spain. Japan clashed with Russia."

"Nevertheless," House insisted, "the psychology of the generation that dominated Germany was militaristic and imperialistic. Had Germany been content with her army, the conflagration of 1914 would have been confined to the Balkans."

"Then you do not believe that Germany started the war?"

"Not deliberately. But her actions brought it about."

"Your signature is attached to the Peace Treaty of Versailles. How do you justify Paragraph 231, which forces Germany to admit her 'war guilt'?"

"I think," House replied without hesitation, "it is shortsighted to put anything into a peace treaty that is likely to rankle in the mind of the vanquished. The very name 'peace treaty' suggests that such a thing should be avoided. The conclusion of the paragraph in question, under the spell of war psychosis and war propaganda, was an egregious blunder. Some men in Germany wanted the war. ["No!" says Emperor William in a marginal note.] This is equally true of some men in England and France. Germany lacked finesse. Luck was against her. But to saddle the war guilt upon her exclusively is neither good history nor good sportsmanship."

Both the war, and the war after the war, begun in Versailles and waged to this day, would have been averted

if Germany and England had coöperated with Woodrow Wilson and Edward Mandell House.

III

LONG before sauerkraut turned to liberty cabbage, the British royal house changed its name from Saxe-Coburg-Gotha to Windsor. Colonel House talked intimately to the Kaiser on only one occasion, for thirty minutes, but he enjoyed many contacts with the Kaiser's cousin, King George.

"Of all the public personages in England," Colonel House says, "King George was the most violently anti-German." In the reports of his first audience with the King, Colonel House describes George V as "the most bellicose Englishman" he has met. Though speaking kindly of the German people, George V denounced his cousin the Kaiser and his cousin's military advisers in what Colonel House calls good sailorlike terms. "This," the King exclaimed, "is no time to talk peace!"

"How would you establish a permanent peace, sir?"

"By knocking all the fight out of the Germans, and by stamping on them until they want peace, and more of it than any other nation."

"Can you count on your allies to see you through?"

"I am certain," declared the King, "that Russia and France will stick, to the last man." The monarch outlined in glowing terms what would happen to the Germans if the French got in there, and quoted his cousin Nicky (the Czar) as saying: "Russia is aflame from one end to the other. We are determined to win, if we must put twenty million men into the field.

"England," the King continued, "is sending the flower of the nation to the front. The world will be forced to acknowledge before the spring or summer is over that her army is equal to her best tradition."

"I wonder," said House, "why your Majesty refrains from speaking to the British public in the same forceful manner in which you have talked to me."

"I don't," the King replied, "because my distinguished cousin the Kaiser has talked so much and has made so much of a fool of himself that I have a distaste for that kind of publicity. Then, too, ours is a different sort of monarchy and I do not desire to intrude myself in such matters."

The conversations between House and George V drifted almost invariably to the Kaiser. The King believed that the Kaiser's Zeppelins intended to burn up London. Subsequently the world learned that Germany's aërial cruisers were handicapped by the specific order of the Kaiser to spare Buckingham Palace and the landmarks of London.

On one occasion George V asked a question that was curiously prophetic: "Suppose they should sink the Lusitania, with American passengers aboard?" House, who had traveled on the Lusitania himself, replied to the King, as he had to his Foreign Minister:

"A flame of indignation would sweep across America which would in itself probably carry us into the war."

That was on the morning of May 7, 1915. At two o'clock in the afternoon of the same day the Lusitania was sunk off the southern coast of Ireland.

The King did not regard Anglo-American relations with pessimism. House read to the King some cables from President Wilson, principally about British interference with American shipping.

"I wish," he said, "all official England to understand our government's attitude upon this question, in order that there may be no misunderstanding, should it be necessary to act with vigor later."

Wilson's messages on maritime freedom may have impressed the King, but they did not alter the policy of the British Admiralty.

IV

SHORTLY before the sinking of the Lusitania, Colonel House whispered into the ears of Germany's Foreign Minister one phrase: "The Freedom of the Seas." That bee, dexterously put into Germany's bonnet, was to buzz until the end of the war. It is still buzzing today. The idea of the Freedom of the Seas is as ancient as navigation. The phrase itself was disinterred by Colonel House. Woodrow Wilson embraced the idea with enthusiasm.

The Freedom of the Seas, as House interpreted it, was the right of any merchantman, no matter under what

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Write a Name Here for this Movie Actress

WIN $750.00 CASH

Here is a movie actress in need of a name. Give her yours, or any other name you think of, it may mean $750.00 in cash to you.

THIS extraordinary announcement has attracted the attention of representatives of leading magazines and newspapers throughout the country and we are sure it will interest you because your suggestion may be the name wanted. This means you may be richer by $750.00 cash if you mail it to us at once.

This movie actress, whom you have probably seen on the screen of your favorite motion picture theatre, is the beautiful Helen Mann. Like most of the stars, she prefers to use a name other than her own, and we have decided to help her obtain it by giving $750.00 in cash to the person who is quick in sending us the most suitable name.

Now what shall we name this beautiful and coming star? Most any name may win. It may be your very own, a name of a friend or relative, or a coined name made up by you. Just make it easy to pronounce, and easy to remember. But send it right away, or you may be late for the promptness prize.

Take a pen or pencil right now and fill in your suggestion for a name at the top of this announcement, tear out coupon and mail to us with your name and address. There is absolutely nothing else to do to win this big cash prize of $750.00.

$250.00 EXTRA FOR PROMPTNESS

Bear in mind only one name must be submitted by each contestant. If the name we choose has been submitted by a number of people, everyone submitting that name will receive $500.00, and all winners whose name has been mailed and postmarked within three days after this announcement is read will receive an extra $250.00, or $750.00 in all. This contest closes May 28, 1932, but send your name at once; be in time for the promptness prize. Please remember any name may be the winner, so help this beautiful little Hollywood girl by sending your name today. All entries must be sent to the Publicity Director's office. ©HMPCO. 1931

E. A. WILLIAMS, PUBLICITY DIRECTOR

Studio 134, 1023 N. Sycamore Ave., Hollywood, California

Losing your Zest and Energy?

Look to ACIDITY for the cause

BUSINESS success, especially in these difficult times, demands perfect physical condition. When you feel yourself letting down—growing sluggish—look to *acidity* for the cause. Acidity, not age, is the commonest cause of lack of vital energy. It is an excess acid condition brought on by the stress and strain of modern living conditions and eating habits.

Here, then, is a great discovery of real importance to almost everyone. The two most valuable aids to cleansing the system—*Milk of Magnesia and Mineral Oil*—have been smoothly combined in a skilful emulsion. When the system is clogged, Milk of Magnesia neutralizes acids that often poison and prematurely age the body. Mineral Oil lubricates the accumulated food waste. The two combined by modern science in Haley's M-O, sweeten and cleanse the digestive tract, and restore normal function. Recommended by doctors for all ages. Full pint bottle $1. Generous sample sent upon receipt of 10¢ in postage stamps. The Haley M-O Co., Inc., Dept. G-3, Geneva, N. Y.

HALEY'S M-O
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COLDS

RUB Musterole well into your chest and throat—almost instantly you feel easier. Repeat the Musterole-rub *once an hour for five hours . . .* what a glorious relief!

Those good old-fashioned cold remedies—oil of mustard, menthol, camphor—are mixed with other valuable ingredients in Musterole to make it what doctors call a *"counter-irritant"* because it gets action and is not just a salve.

It penetrates and stimulates blood circulation and helps to draw out infection and pain. Used by millions for 20 years. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. All druggists.

To Mothers—Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.

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[HOW COLONEL HOUSE AND THE KAISER ALMOST PREVENTED THE WORLD WAR
Continued from page forty-nine]

flag it sailed, whether neutral or belligerent, to pass without hold or hindrance anywhere on the high seas once it had crossed the three-mile limit. The Freedom of the Seas did not necessarily end the right of blockade. But, once the barrier was passed, the ship was no longer subject to search or seizure.

"If," Colonel House musingly remarked, "the Freedom of the Seas had been an accepted doctrine, Germany would not have attempted to vie with England in naval construction. Free seas would have given her access to her colonies and to world commerce. Great Britain would have benefited even more. She could have laughed at von Tirpitz."

GREY agreed, as usual, "in principle" with the emissary of President Wilson. Practically, unfortunately, he saw innumerable obstacles. He and Asquith and Tyrrell listened politely. But whenever House pressed for action, they hawed and hedged. "Moreover," they said, "what of Germany?"

House smiled. His grip was packed. His ticket for Berlin was in his pocket. But again Sir Edward Grey intervened. The moment was not propitious for negotiations, in his opinion, because the fortunes of war were with the Germans for the time being. House cabled Grey's objections to Wilson. The President was not impressed by them; and a few days later we find House in Berlin. In a confidential report to Wilson, partly in code, he records his impressions of Germany:

The situation of Zadok [Germany] is this: Peace is generally desired, but . . . the people would overthrow the government and perhaps the throne if parleys should now be commenced upon a basis having any chance of success. . . . The problem is to save the face of the authorities and enlighten the people.

I have proposed a way to do this and it was cordially received by Alto [Bethmann-Hollweg] and Wolf [Zimmermann]. In substance it is for us to try to induce Zenobia [England] to consent to the freedom of the seas as one of the peace conditions. . . .

In his negotiations with Downing Street, House made no secret of his conviction that free seas would be a boon to Great Britain. In Berlin, House talked in a different tenor. He painted in glowing colors the advantages to be gained by Germany and was amused by the eagerness with which his bait was swallowed. To House the end justified the means.

THEN, crossing the Channel once more, House consulted with his friends in Downing Street. It is futile to speculate on the chances of his success, since at that very juncture the German missile that struck the Lusitania torpedoed for the time being the Freedom of the Seas.

When the Lusitania was sunk, House, like Page, saw red. With Page he cabled accordingly to Wilson.

Woodrow Wilson, like House, loved England, but he loved peace more. Instead of sending an ultimatum to Berlin, he made an impassioned speech—the famous one in which he used the phrase "too proud to fight."

A storm burst about him. The pro-Allies portrayed him as a coward and a poltroon. "Pro-German!" shouted London and Paris. But he kept us out of the war. He not only kept us out, but he continued his efforts to mediate before the belligerents should destroy themselves and civilization.

The amazing fact that, in the year before we went to war with Germany, we were more than once on the verge of war with Great Britain, will be fully disclosed in next week's installment of this series.

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THEY should be short enough to be printed in a single page of Liberty—the shorter the better, but in any case not over 2,000 words. One hundred dollars apiece will be the minimum price paid for any accepted and published. Five hundred dollars will be the maximum. Each story is to be judged solely on its merits.

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Please remember that if you do not inclose a stamped and addressed envelope with your manuscript we cannot return it to you or write you concerning its destiny. We are receiving an enormous number of short short story manuscripts, and it has become necessary to enforce this rule very strictly.

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A Cool Smoke

A Short Short Story

(Reading time: 5 min. 40 sec.)

By FRANK LEON SMITH

"THE first feller around the corner was smokin' a seegar," said Big Frank, who looked like the late John L. and had been a cop in Buffalo for twenty-five years. "So I let him go. But the next one—I hauled off with me linkum-vitey billy, and I'd 'a' drove him through the dock plankin', only the jimmy in his pocket stuck crosswise."

"What's that, daddy?" asked his pretty new daughter-in-law. "'Linkum-vitey'?"

"'Tis a very hard wood provided by the Lord to rap the heads of hard tickets," said Francis Xavier Mooney, grinning.

"He means lignum-vitæ," said his son, Francis Patrick, who had been to Commercial High and the Rookie School, and now was a second-year New York cop and very proud of it. "But how do you mean, you let the first guy go because he was smoking? You claim you were posted to grab this safe-blower, and he was due to come out of the alley on to the dock— Hoh! Bet you cracked the wrong guy!"

Big Frank put his chin up and winked at Alice; then he put his chin down and looked at his burly son between his spectacle rims and the hedges that were his eyebrows. "In twenty-five years on the cops you're bound to crack a wrong head here and there," he said easily. "Sure, with a good cop it means no more than a foul tip does to Babe Ruth. 'Tis the average that counts."

"Daddy!" said Alice, shocked.

"Be your—" Patrick started to say "age." "Be yourself." He had heard all the stories his father remembered to tell and they bored him now, but here was a little point that stuck like a sliver. "What had smoking to do with it?"

Big Frank reached for a match to light his dudeen, knocked the match bowl over, and looked quickly at Alice as she struck one for him. He said, "The guilty don't smoke goin' or comin' from a job. The clever ones, anyhow."

"Hey, hey!" said Patrick skeptically, and tried to pluck a contrary instance from experience.

"Either," said Big Frank, "they're too nervous, or they don't want to leave any extra signs, or they want to be havin' both hands free. Not bein' a professor from the Rookie School, I do not know." He got up, ignoring his son's expression. "Good night to the twos av ye."

He went to his bedroom, barging into a rocker on the way.

"Pat," said Alice, "I wish we could do something about his eyes. They get worse. Now he can't even go to the movies."

"Don't I know it! He ought to have an operation, but he won't hear of us spending the money."

"He spends all his pension money on us, and—"

"Darn it, wish I could get a raise!"

After a moment Alice said, "Darling, you shouldn't be so sharp and cross with him. He's old now."

"Oh, I don't mean to be—but he doesn't seem to realize. Why, today anything could happen. A guy might come hot off a murder job smoking an opium pipe a yard long and dragging a toy engine."

His wife laughed. "Well, if he did, then you'd be suspicious of him anyway, wouldn't you?"

Patrick looked at her and returned to his paper. "You're worse than the old man," he said.

The next day at the lunch hour, two neat young men came into the office of Pincus & Kushner, on the fourth floor of the Ronson Building in Times Square, and their embarrassment seemed to explain itself when they asked to see engagement rings. When the only other customer withdrew, one of the young men snapped the catch on the door, while the other displayed a pistol. Mr. Pincus cried out. Miss Levy ran from her cubicle. And both were beaten unconscious by cruel, full-arm blows.

The young men then pulled picture wire and adhesive tape from their pockets and bound and gagged their victims tightly. The two went casually into the hall and walked up the stairs to the fifth floor. Their haul was in loose stones in tissue packets. These were placed in stamped, addressed envelopes, and slid into the mail chute alongside the elevators.

Downstairs, Mr. Pincus opened his eyes to see Miss Levy struggling to free herself. She came over to him, backed up, and tore the tape from his face. "Out the window!" he whispered. "Quick—anything!"

She backed to a tall brass cuspidor, stooped, grasped it, and with a quick flirt of her body threw it from an open window.

It crashed near the feet of Officer Patrick Mooney, who whirled in fine official and personal rage. He looked up to see a bound and gagged girl in a window marked Pincus & Kushner, Diamonds, and promptly blew his whistle. Other whistles were blown, and a word from a call box brought reserves in a truck with a screaming siren.

The siren reached the two at the mail chute just as they were sealing the last packet.

"Light me a cig, Sam—I've got the shakes!" said one.

"Take it easy," said the other. "We separate and mix with the crowd. Don't run. They got nothing on us. I left the gun on the stairs."

An inspector came to take charge, and Patrick was one detailed to the lobby while others went up through the building.

PATRICK was late home that night, the most excited young Irishman in the diocese.

"Pop asleep? Don't wake him, then. Alice, me sweet, can you press my good brown suit? I'll not be wearing the uniform any more. You are now gazing upon Detective Mooney!"

She listened pridefully to her man.

"So I'm hiked all these grades and the pay goes up from today, and pop gets his eyes fixed—and Mrs. Mooney wins an ermine shawl or something."

"But how—what made you suspect the first man?"

Patrick grinned. "For the love of heaven, don't be telling pop. It would break his heart. Well, I suppose the other bird must have wanted a cigarette lighted for him. Anyhow, this guy was nervous and forgot. He came down into the lobby as bold as brass, and tried to bull us he was a broker's clerk after some bonds that would spoil. Then he got indignant, and finally he blew up when I asked him why he was smoking two cigarettes all this time! Why wouldn't I be noticing him? But don't tell pop."

Young Mrs. Mooney rumpled his hair with both hands and kissed him. "If he hadn't told you, you wouldn't have thought to notice," she said. "So let's wake him up and tell him!"

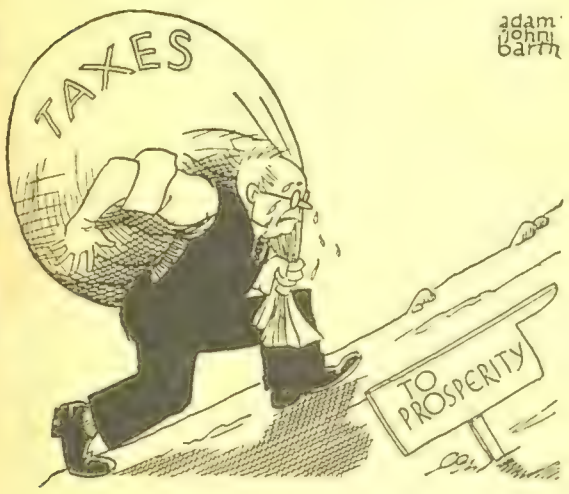
THE END

Vox

How About Giving Congress a Reckless Spending Ticket?

CHICAGO, ILL.—Keep on telling 'em, Mr. Editor! That editorial of yours, "The Terrific Load of Taxation," was a great piece of work.

When we consider that, in 1916, the federal government's total requirements were only $724,492,998.90, it's amazing to realize that United States governmental costs for 1932 are $4,361,839,800. Just think of it. Talk about deflation!



We seem to have deflated just about everything but government.

When the average man gets extravagant, the reckoning comes fast. He's asked to pay certain creditors certain definite sums. But when the government gets gay there's no such direct check, for it's a question of that indefinite thing, *everybody's money*. A Congressman who will haggle over a dime, where his personal expenses are concerned, will gayly vote huge appropriations when it's not a question of his own money but of Mr. Public's money.

Keep on pointing to the plight of the average man, for he surely is making an uphill climb back to normal prosperity with a load of debt on his back.—*A Business Man.*

A Mother Cried "Help!"—and Got These Answers:

CHAMPAIGN, ILL.—I am writing in regard to the article entitled "Help!"

I am a senior in high school and have fairly bad reputation, but I think the anonymous author is all wet.—*Modern Youth.*

TEXON, TEX.—You certainly scored on the article, "Help!" I happen to be a boy, only eighteen and the author (whoever she is) certainly tells *facts*, and gives lots of information that many, many people do not know about.

That one article was worth the price of a dozen Libertys.—*Eugene.*

ITHACA, N. Y.—I am a senior at Cornell University and have, as associates, two juniors, two sophomores, and one freshman.

We'd like to try to defend our generation against the charges in Liberty's anonymous article, "Help!" The writer of this article implied that a big proportion of the very young girls of today have, without their parents knowing it, had sex experience.

In our fraternity house of forty members there are only four members who admit having had such experience.

The fraternity consists of boys or men ranging in age from seventeen to twenty-four, and this is the sex that is supposed to live according to the double standard.

These men, in our opinion, present a perfect cross section of the present generation.

Of all the girls of our acquaintance we have found it difficult to name five we know have had sex experience, while we can name innumerable girls who, we are certain, are virginal.

Corroborating the one true statement of the article, we can say that the boys of today and husbands of tomorrow do want, and probably will insist on, purity in the girls they marry.—*Six Cornell Men.*

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—Being a young man, twenty-one years of age, and unmarried, naturally your anonymous article, "Help!" interested me, for it dealt with the subject of my future wife—the life she has led, and is leading.

I hope every girl of high-school and college age let one sentence in that article sink in—one sentence in particular. The sentence is: "Still, the average boy of today is no less insistent than his father was in demanding an immaculate girl for his wife."

I am a college student and fraternity man, and from the discussions I have entered into, I believe that sentence reflects the consensus of opinion on every college and university campus in the country.—*A. J. D.*

Any Guy Who Can Smile These Days Is Lucky

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Well, thunderation, Liberty, who'd a thunk, when you published those editorials, and Mary Noble's articles, on going back to the soil, that you'd stir up such a rumpus? Who'd a thunk that, for so many weeks, so many country gentlemen who had turned literary would turn our Vox Pop into a journal on cows, cucumbers, corn, and whether or not pigs pay?

Bill Roges

Now if these porker, poultry, and persimmons letters got me as het up as Robinson Crusoe, or Uncle Tom's Cabin, why, I'd take 'em serious and pull a long face. But, as it is, I jest smile at 'em. Jest smile.—*Bill Roges.*

Getting Back to Earth

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Your editorial on George Washington as a farmer was right at the top of the heap. In urging a return to the soil as a panacea for unemployment you're performing a public service, Mr. Editor.—*J. N.*

The Woman in the Crisis

CHARLESTON, W. VA.—In God's own way and time He raises up a man to meet every crisis. President Wilson was one of these men. No writer or publication can detract from the glory of the Wilson administration from its beginning to its end, and even if a woman was President of the United States, George Sylvester Viereck paid Mrs. Wilson a high compliment when he said she was President; no one since has been nearly so capable or honorable in the conduct of the office.—*B. J. Freeman.*

Suppose He Doesn't Wake Up on Pay Day

BOSTON, MASS.—That story of yours by Douglas Newton, "M. Clinquant's Mistake," was swell. I got a big idea from it. You see, I'm private secretary, and a darned good one if I do say so, to a mean old rooster of a boss. He's just awful when he gets mad. He's much too observant and noisy and wide awake, but I've always thought he might be sort of sweet when he was asleep.

Well, in Douglas Newton's story, some big-brained scientists invented a gas that put folks to sleep almost as soon as they breathed it. I'm going to

write to those scientists, get a nifty little tube of the compressed gas, and—

Yes, you've guessed it. What a very, very pleasant time will be had by all after I've done my work with that tube.—*A Rooster-Pecked Girl.*

Mary, You're a Little Lamb

NEW YORK, N. Y.—"What this country needs," said a wise man, in 1924, "is a good five-cent magazine. Its pages must pulsate with pep, its ideas must be young, its writers ultra-modern."

An idea was born! And out of that idea came Liberty.—*Mary Ecker.*

Pop

Slams Across the Sea—Why Diana Bourbon's Articles Seem to Please Everybody

VIENNA, VA.—Three cheers for Diana Bourbon and her article, "Things We Could Learn from the English"! Being English myself, I agree with everything she has said, and then some!

I do not care for the mannerisms of "ma'am" and "sir," and often wonder

why American people do not teach their children to say "I beg your pardon" instead of "What?" when they do not hear what is said to them. And two words which seem to be missing from the American language are "Thank you."

Someone should give wholesome lessons in politeness.—*An Englishwoman.*

ASHTABULA, OHIO—Diana Bourbon was jolly well right in seventy-five per cent of the things she said in her article, "Things We Could Learn from the English." And the twenty-five per cent? Well, it was all tommyrot.

Having been brought up in England until I was seventeen years of age I question Miss Bourbon's remarks about well brought up English children and badly behaved American children. I do not hesitate to say that English children are sly and deceitful. Mother never received a letter but what I read it, regardless of where she hid it—and I was not an exceptionally naughty girl; was not different from my playmates.

Mrs. Dennis Weaver

No, I can't ever remember answering my mother back, but I know that I would rather have my American-born children answer me back than have them think what I thought whenever mother scolded me.

American children are more easily understood by their parents, because they are frank and sincere.—*Mrs. Dennis Weaver.*

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—In her article, "Things the English Can Learn from Us," Diana Bourbon said, among other things, that English girls don't know how to dress, that the English only drink tea, play games, and that they are lacking in sportsmanship.

American girls know how to dress, all right, all right. Some fathers and husbands wish they knew less about it.

If the English only drink tea and play games, then who in thunder gets out all the coal, iron, copper, tin, clay, and the wonderful products of England's factories, mines, and fields? Who? Swedes, Italians, Slavs and Germans, as in the United States—or the English themselves?

Don't make me laugh about sportsmanship. Lindbergh is indeed fine, and England said so. Brown and Alcock were fine, and America did not say so. —*C. I. Sweet.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—I read Diana Bourbon's article pointing out America's faults, and the one bringing out England's faults. I've traveled and lived in both countries, and my opinion is that, taken together, those articles constitute a body of criticism that both countries might well profit by.—*Traveler.*

Everything Washington Did Was Legal Then

HUNTINGTON, L. I.—Say, where did Clement Wood get all that baloney he wrote about George Washington? He called that brain storm of his, "How Long Could George Washington Keep Out of Jail if He Were Alive Today?"

No finer leader than Washington ever lived, and why you printed such an insidious article about our first President and still have nerve enough to call your magazine Liberty, is beyond me.

It is only too bad we have no more Washingtons for our leaders these days, but men of his character do not exist any more. They are either dead, or they haven't been born.—*An American.*

Are You Sure You Don't Mean One of the Flounders?

CHICAGO, ILL.—After reading, "How Long Could George Washington Keep Out of Jail if He Were Alive Today?" by Clement Wood, my feelings toward a certain man changed abruptly. He is that friendly enemy, Al Capone.

Yes, sir, I am beginning to realize that this guy isn't such a bad egg after all. If he'd only been born a couple of hundred years ago, his name probably would go down in history as one of the founders of this country, instead of in the books of crime.—*George Reich.*

O. K.

NEW YORK, N. Y.—In his article, "Why Russia Dare Not Fight Japan," you felt Leon Trotsky knew what he was talking about. One reason I like Liberty is that it prints stuff by men who know their onions.—*Peter.*

There's a Lot of Truth in What You Say, Huber

DANVILLE, ILL.—Keep on knocking the fanatical drys, Liberty!

With one-third of the people dry at heart, and one-third operating under the cloak of a dry platform, while the other third is the source of our liquor supply, we have a situation that is degrading the nation. Millions of dollars have been appropriated to enforce prohibition. What did that money do? It made beer barons and bootleg kings, filled our prisons, asylums, and detention homes. And we have our racketeers to shoot our little children, while our politicians are hiding behind our women, whispering: "Vote her dry, old girl!"—*H. V. Huber.*

H. V. Huber

As If You Don't Know

CUMBERLAND, MD.—A man goes into the business of raising cats for the value of their skins. He provides rats for the cats to feed on, and, in turn, the rats feed on the carcasses of the skinned cats; thus the business is perpetual. The cats eat the rats and the rats eat the cats, and the proprietor gets the skins.

Now, prohibition goes into the business of moonshining, and provides the bootlegger for the prohibitionists to feed on, and, in turn, the bootlegger feeds on the prohibitionist; thus the business is also perpetual. The prohibitionist makes the bootlegger and the bootlegger makes the prohibitionist, but who gets the skins? Uncle Sam doesn't!—*L. C. Millholland.*

For Crying Out Loud!

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—What has become of all the short shorts with the little

"mushy" touches? Some of us still like them, even though the roughneck stories are leading the day. Don't you realize that we like to hang up a dozen handkerchiefs in a row, and, with a touching story before our eyes, cry our way through the lot of them?—*Doris.*

Pictures by
WILL GRAVEN

IF you are bored, you show the telegram and ask helplessly when the next train goes.

Hosts

The Reflections of a Reluctant Guest as He Goes Home to Get Some Sleep

By FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

(Reading time: 9 minutes 15 seconds.)

HOSTS are the enemies of guests. Why, when I was a lad learning Latin at my mother's knee (Query: How did we who were nurtured in the Erudite Eighties know that our mothers had knees?) *hostis* meant an enemy. What's more, it meant a public enemy; and that is still good. For guests are the public; hosts belong to the privileged class.

And I hurry to insert something here, lest Liberty assign somebody else to the pleasant task of also telling, in what is flatteringly called a forthcoming article, what a host feels like. For I've been a host, and a good host, too; and some of the guests I've had I hope that I have permanently discouraged.

As a host I don't like most guests; as a guest I dislike most hosts. Maybe after this piece appears the few invitations that I get will narrow down to dear old zero; for it may be that I am biting the hands that have fed me caviar and prune whip. There are conspicuous exceptions. I go incessantly as a guest, with or without invitation, to three or four houses whose hosts and hostesses make me feel not only at home, but also a whole lot more at home than I do in my own mortgaged Little Nest. It is, of course, hosts like these few exceptions that have made me acutely sensitive to the shortcomings, misdemeanors, and crimes of other hosts.

Take a day in the life of a guest.

"Come out and see us some time," says somebody who you bet your life shall be nameless. "Any time at all. Needn't let us know; we're always at home."

You take him seriously. You arrive. If in the city, nobody is at home even to answer the bell. If in the country, and you are motoring, you can't find the place. Now I may observe parenthetically that no matter how hard it is to find a place, never tell the owner of it that you had trouble. He will swear that you failed to follow his directions; you will swear that you followed them, which, if you are anything like me, you did, little dreaming that he meant the third turn to the right when he said the first to the left.

"If you have trouble," he says, "ask anybody." But it is 7 P. M., and, although it is daylight, everybody within thirty miles has gone to bed.

Finally you find the remote house. The maid tells you that your host and hostess have gone out to dinner. So you go in and wait, as to leave would be inconvenient for you and would make your host angry—especially as no matter when you left he would tell you that he came back two minutes later. You wait from nine thirty to eleven forty-five, at which time your host and hostess return, wearied from having gone to a dinner party—a party which either the host or the hostess didn't want to attend. So the one that didn't want to go has been I-told-you-soing the one that did want to go; and they come back home in a semi-sullen frame of mind, instead of in the joyous manner of a couple I know in North Utopia who get a lot of innocent—and sometimes malicious—merriment exchanging experiences and observations on their return from a boresome party.

I may add that that couple would have even more fun staying at home; or going to a delightful and fascinating party. They have almost as much fun when they attend together a bad play or movie as when they attend a good one. They are not Mr. and Mrs. Peter Bell, to whom a primrose by a river's brim is barely that. To this couple such a flower is one of the many beautiful adornments

that life holds; it is by a brim whose river is full of romance and adventure.

This has nothing to do with hosts and hostesses, as such. I am trying to make the shrewd observation that when husband and wife love each other, there is fun in stones, joy in the running brooks, and love in everything.

Here I have been discussing wedded bliss when I should have been observing that your host and hostess say that they are glad to see you. And it may well be so, too, as your immediacy makes it unlikely that the host will say something to the hostess about that party that she may regret his saying. You tell them that you have had dinner, knowing that if you said you hadn't there would be a refrigerator expedition with the inevitable Hubbardian result. There is a scurrying about for sheets and pillow cases, during which search there are at least a hundred " Never minds " said by the guests and at least two hundred " No trouble at alls " by the hostess.

Eventually the guest room, or rooms, is, or are, in order. It is far past midnight. " Ring the bell whenever you want breakfast," says the hostess. " What time do you think you'd like it, and what would you like, and would you like it in your room, or do you want to come to the table? I want to leave a note for Katie." You say, truthfully, that it doesn't matter, though you do not add that nothing matters as much as all that and you can't forecast all those things anyway. " Oh," says the host, " we get up about seven thirty, but don't you budge till you feel like it. Just have a good rest. Get up when you please. Have a good rest." Which you sincerely begin to try to do.

First you put the pillow at the foot of the bed, because there is no reading light near the beddes hedde, as you remember Chaucer had it. There is only a wall light as far away as can be from the page of any book that might be in such a room if the guest happened to bring a book along, unless you want to read the books that are provided, or rather have been put in the guest room instead of the storeroom.

You read your book, saying to yourself that at last you are fairly comfortable and you won't rise until noon. In ten minutes there is a knock at your door. " Yes? " you say. " Hey! " whispers your host, entering. " I saw a light in your room and I thought maybe you were sick or something. I was asleep, but your light shone in Grace's face, and she was worried about you."

YOU explain that you were reading, you had no idea it was so late, and you're sorry; and you put the pillow back, turn out the light, and seriously go to bed. Your irritation at your host and hostess helps to keep you awake until about four o'clock.

Your room—the guest room—is in easy earshot of the porch upon which the milk is delivered at five forty-five. At six fifteen, two—it sounds like twenty-two—servants, the cook and the waitress, descend the stairs just outside your door; and thousands of birds unknown to Keats are singing. The kitchen, directly below the guest room, is the scene of possibly innocent but articulate joy in the morning's beauty.

The host rises at seven thirty; at seven thirty-one he is stropping a razor, a sound which can be heard—cannot help being heard—a mile on a clear day. While the shaving is going on, there is the sound of running water in the tub, and the noise of sudden immersion and suddener withdrawal, accompanied by the kind of exhalation denoting the physical well-being that only a host can feel.

So you decide to get up, too. You, too, shave and bathe, drying yourself on a tiny bath towel which has barely room for the elaborate monogram of the hostess. Why hostesses don't give guests the size towel they are accustomed to is one of the domestic mysteries that this guest never has been able to find out. You descend to breakfast, deciding not to ring the bell.

" Well," says the host, " you're up early. Why didn't you take it easy? " You say that you hate to waste time in the country lying in bed. The host, whose breakfast is on the table, rings the bell. He rings it again, and a waitress appears. " What'll you have? " he asks. " Just some fruit and coffee," you say; and mean it. So you wait and wait. In about ten minutes the waitress brings in some warm orange juice. In twenty minutes come some overfried eggs, almost cold, and some tepid, barely cooked bacon. In another ten minutes the coffee appears. From the taste of it, it must have been cooked two hours ago.

IF you like to play golf, your host always is only a tennis player; if your sport is tennis, he will take you to the country club, or to " some people who have a court, not very good, you know, but good enough for the kind of players we have around here," as though only the Vineses and the Tildens enjoyed playing on a decent court. Maybe the host has a tennis court. Ha! I will tell you about hosts' tennis courts: they are bad. They are too short; that is, the run-back between the base line and the backstop never is sufficient. The marking is indistinct; the balls are old, though possibly unused; and the court hasn't been rolled or swept in a week. Another thing about hosts' courts: they are built so that there is plenty of shade on part of the court; this light and shadow make it difficult to see the ball most of the time. But the trees look so pretty, and Mrs. Blinx simply wouldn't allow them to be cut down.

Somehow you get through the day, lunch being not so bad, though about an hour late. In the evening you have to go to a dull dinner party to which your host and hostess have been invited (your hostess called up and said she couldn't go because she had guests, and the inviters said, " Bring 'em along ") ; a party at which you have to stay until your host brings you back, or from which you are dragged as soon as your host wants to go home.

Or maybe your hostess herself is giving a dinner party to which you have to go, being a guest of the house, and from which you couldn't extricate yourself early because you couldn't sleep anyway, what with the gayety, lyrical and instrumental, that is making night if not hideous, at least unserene.

And why do you stay on and on? Aha! You don't. You leave the next morning, for as a veteran guest you have arranged with an old buddy of yours, named, for example, Robert C. Benchley, always to telegraph to you six hours after you arrive at any host's place, city, country, or suburbs. The telegram reads: " Come back at once to close Cunningham deal," or " Must have article tomorrow morning," the first if you are In Trade, the second if you are a Creative Artist. If you are bored, you show the telegram and ask helplessly when the next train goes, or you get into your car and drive off.

If in the remote event that you are having a swell time, you either say nothing about the telegram, or show the telegram to your host, saying, " Oh, let them wait. I'm having too good a time to leave."

It was Mr. Harold W. Ross, now editor of the New Yorker, who once stated the case for all guests for all time. It was many years ago, in as beautiful a home as there is in all the Westchester County countryside. Ross was visiting in this home for the first time. " Sit over in this chair, Mr. Ross," said our host. " You'll find it more comfortable."

" I'll tell you," said Ross. " If I'd wanted to be comfortable I'd have stayed at home."

So Ross, better known socially as One-Invitation Harold, usually stays at home, where the coffee is good, the rooms quiet, and you can read without terrifying anybody.

And so do I.

THE END

The Shackled

Prosecution or Persecution?—Words Ghost Commit a Murder?—The

By EDWARD

The woman charged with murder: Natalie Cahill.

(Reading time: 33 minutes 20 seconds.)

THIS is the amazing story of Natalie Cahill. Old Mike Cahill, multimillionaire, married her to spite his grasping relatives. On the wedding night he was found dead near her bedside. She was held for murder. Bob Shannon undertook her defense. Natalie had left her home town, desperate after an unhappy love affair with Elmer Goss. During her trial, Goss, in remorse, shot himself, leaving a statement that he had killed Cahill. Shannon, believing the confession worthless, burned it.

PART SEVEN—TREMBLING IN THE BALANCE

ON the afternoon of the second day of the trial, Natalie Cahill took the stand in her own defense. The state had closed after the noon recess, confident it had made out a perfect case.

"I had but two witnesses, your honor," Shannon said. "Now I have but one. Mr. Goss, who was the defendant's fiancé, killed himself last night."

He paused, bowed to the judge, bowed to Juror No. 8, bowed to the court clerk. "Mrs. Cahill," he said.

Natalie arose calmly, took the oath, and sat in the big chair. Her hands lay loosely in her lap.

"You are Mrs. Natalie Cahill, the widow of Ebb-Tide Michael?"

"I am." Her voice was clear, sweet, far-reaching.

"Where do you live?"

"I have no home now—except the jail."

"How old are you?"

"Nineteen."

"Where did you live before you came to this city?"

"In my father's home in Centerville."

Swiftly Shannon brought out the scant history of her life, her school days, her work in the library, her meeting with Elmer Goss, her love affair, the quarrel that sent her broken-hearted from her home, her meeting with Ebb-Tide Mike, her marriage.

He made her identify, one by one, the garments and the jewels her husband had bought for her.

"Scarlet," Shannon said. "Did you know when you put on this bridal finery the significance of that color?"

"No."

"You didn't think it odd that your husband should dress his bride in red?"

"I object to that, your honor," Wheatley said, "on the ground that it's leading the witness and we don't care what she thought."

"Overruled."

"I didn't think of anything," the witness said.

"You didn't know, then, that he regarded you as a scarlet woman?"

"No. I knew only that I had eaten, and that I had had a bath. That was all that mattered—then."

"Why did you marry Ebb-Tide Mike?"

"Because he asked me to. Because he was kind. Because I was starving and desperate and he offered me everything."

"Did you kill Ebb-Tide Mike?"

"I did not."

"You overheard your husband calling you a scarlet woman, a harlot, as various witnesses have testified he did call you, just after the wedding. You ran into the library to confront him. You stared at him angrily, and then ran out. That is true?"

"Yes. That is true."

"Now tell the court and jury everything that occurred between the time you ran out of the library and the time of your arrest."

"I ran upstairs. I took off all my clothes. I threw them on the floor. I took off the diamond necklace. I removed the earrings. I threw them on the floor too. Then I went to bed. I went to sleep.

"Sometime during the night I woke up. I saw my husband standing in the doorway of my room. The light in the hall was shining on him. I saw him distinctly. His hands were in the air, raised as though someone were menacing him with a revolver. He was saying, 'My own son! My own son!'"

"That is all? You saw nobody else?"

"I saw another man, but not distinctly. I couldn't be sure he was a man. I thought it was all part of a nightmare. I went to sleep again."

"You saw no revolver?"

"I saw something glinting. It may have been a revolver."

"Object!" Wheatley shouted.

The judge considered the matter for a moment, then decided to let the answer stand.

Shannon thanked the judge with a nod, and turned to the witness. "You will not say that it was a revolver?"

"No."

"You will not say it was not a revolver?"

Cinderella

that Spell Life or Death—Can a Menace of the Terrible Chair

OHERTY

Pictures by
ROBERT A. CAMERON

The man in the seat of justice: Judge Kishniff.

"No."
"You heard no shot?"
"No."
"What did you notice next, if anything?"
"I noticed nothing until I woke up, with a detective shaking me by the shoulder."
"I see. Now, Mrs. Cahill, did you tie yourself up with rope?"
"I did not."
"Did you handle your husband's gun at any time?"
"No, never."
"You didn't leave your fingerprint on it purposely?"
"No, sir."
"[redacted]didn't hide your jewels under your mattress—so Inspector Sichel would know exactly where to find them?"
"I threw them on the floor. I missed them while I was dressing."
"If the court please," said Wheatley, rising to his feet, "I suggest the witness has not answered the question. She was asked if she hid the jewels. She replied that—"
"I heard her, Mr. Wheatley. Mrs. Cahill, did you or did you not place your jewels under the mattress?"
"I did not, your honor."

"THAT is all," Shannon said and as he saw Wheatley advancing heavily toward the witness chair he winced and sat down. He wished he could make little crosses like Malachy McLaughlin did, to ward off evil.

"Mrs. Cahill," Wheatley asked gently, and with a very benign smile, "how many times have you and Mr. Shannon rehearsed your testimony?"

Natalie looked puzzled. "I don't understand," she said.

"You don't understand! You wish the court and jury to believe that you and your attorney have not gone over your testimony again and again before you took the witness chair to tell your story?"

"Yes," said Natalie. "I do."

"You have not told him what you were going to say here? You mean to say you kept it a secret from him?"

"Certainly not," said Natalie, unruffled by the insinuation. "I told him six months ago what I have told the court and jury here today. And if you think he put words in my mouth, or taught me what to say, or what not to say, you are wrong."

Wheatley smiled.

"I want the truth, Mrs. Cahill. I want to know if you and Mr. Shannon have not often rehearsed this fanciful tale of 'now I see him, now I don't' that you have sworn is the truth."

"This is persecution, your honor!" Shannon cried. "It is not prosecution. I object to his trying to bully and intimidate the witness."

"Sustained. The question has been answered, Mr. Wheatley. Proceed."

Wheatley took a new route.

"Mrs. Cahill, you have testified here to a very delightful and idyllic romance between yourself and one Elmer Goss. How old were you at the time?"

"A little over eighteen."

"I see. A little over eighteen. You were a grown woman. You know that what you were doing was wrong, unlawful, contrary to the law of God and the statutes of this state?"

"I don't know anything about the law of God," Natalie replied with spirit, "nor much about the laws of this state. I saw no wrong in loving Elmer Goss."

"You saw no wrong in giving yourself to him, you mean?"

"That's what I mean. I loved him."

"And you believed love its own justification?"

"Of course."

"You went to church, did you not?"

"Rarely, Mr. Wheatley."

"YOU never heard that adultery was a sin?"

"I object, your honor," Shannon said. "I don't see what her knowledge or ignorance of the matter has to do with this trial. And I don't know that Mr. Wheatley is exactly the one to cast the first stone at this girl."

"Sustained," Judge Kishniff said, while Wheatley glared at Shannon and stifled angry words.

"You know, do you not, that adultery is a crime, punishable by law?"

"Yes. I know that."

"Did you know it then?"

"I did not regard myself as an adulteress. My love was clean, honorable, natural."

"But you ran away from home because of it," Wheatley thundered. "You couldn't hold up your head before your father and mother when you learned your sin had had its consequences. You—"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE SHACKLED CINDERELLA
Continued from page fifty-seven]

"Just a minute, just a minute!" Shannon shouted. "Your honor, this is not proper cross-examination. Mr. Wheatley, the righteous prosecutor, is delivering a sermon to this girl. He is not acting as a district attorney but as a Sunday-school teacher. I ask the court to admonish him, to make him cease his bullying tactics."

"You are right, Mr. Shannon," the court said. "Mr. Wheatley, it seems to me you have stepped too far out of your rôle. The court has allowed you a lot of latitude in the conduct of this case, but there are limits to everything, even the patience of the court."

Wheatley bowed his head in deep humility.

"I apologize, your honor, not only to the court, but also to Mr. Shannon and the defendant in this case," he said solemnly, "if in my zeal I went too far."

He stood for a long moment, staring at the witness.

"Mrs. Cahill," he continued, patently choosing his words, "when you discovered you were in a delicate condition, you went to the young man, to Mr. Goss, and told him. And he, you have said under oath, refused to marry you."

"Yes. He did refuse—then. Later I learned—"

Wheatley raised a hand. "Just answer yes or no. What you learned later doesn't matter. He refused to marry you, and immediately you left your home."

"Yes, sir."

"YOU came to this city, and you worked until the time came for you to give birth to an illegitimate child—"

"I object," said Shannon. "To her that child may have seemed as legitimate as Mr. Wheatley himself seemed to the woman who gave birth to him. Some people believe there are no illegitimate children."

"Sir!" Wheatley's face turned purple as he started toward Shannon.

The judge's gavel banged on the bench.

"Gentlemen!" he cried. "You forget yourselves. You have come perilously near to contempt."

"But, your honor—" Wheatley began.

"Silence. You have willfully tried to insult this witness, Mr. Wheatley, and after repeated warnings from the court. And you, Mr. Shannon, have grossly insulted the district attorney."

"If I have, your honor, I am sorry. I was not questioning Mr. Wheatley's legitimacy; merely confirming it."

"Strike out the word illegitimate," the judge said, mollified. "Proceed."

"You have testified that after you left the hospital, following the death of your—your baby," Wheatley continued, "you slept in the park every night for a week, and walked the streets by day—to keep warm, you said—and asked policemen for nickels or dimes so that you might eat. Is that correct?"

"Yes."

"You said, I believe, that you wanted the money for car fare."

"I did."

"Ah! You lied to them, then?"

"Yes, sir."

"I see. You lied to them! Now just how many policemen did you lie to? How many gave you money?"

"Every one of them," Natalie said. "Twenty of them."

"Indeed? And, since you inherited your husband's hundred-million-dollar estate, you have reimbursed them?"

Wheatley smiled, believing he had sprung a neat trap. Natalie surprised him by saying, "Yes, sir, I have."

Wheatley bristled.

"Every one of them? You remembered each and every one of them? Give me their names, if you can."

"I know them," Natalie said, "only by the numbers on their shields." She gave him twenty numbers.

Shannon allowed the prosecutor to write the numbers on a pad, and then arose. "If the court please," he said, "I should like to interrupt long enough to notify Mr. Wheatley that the policemen in question are here in the courtroom, ready to testify if necessary. He may call them in rebuttal if he will."

"I DON'T know that Mr. Wheatley is exactly the one to cast the first stone at this girl."

Wheatley stared at the lawyer for the defense and shook his head. "I'll stipulate they are here if you say so. There's no need calling them to the stand."

He turned again to the witness. "You gave each policeman back his dime or his nickel?" he asked. "Is that it?"

"Mr. Shannon gave each of them one hundred dollars," Natalie said.

"You thought that might help you in this case?"

"Objection sustained," said the court before Shannon had an opportunity to arise and voice an objection. He turned to the witness, saying, "Do not answer that."

"I WITHDRAW the question," Wheatley said quickly. "Mrs. Cahill, on the morning of April twenty-fifth, when you were walking on South Street, before you met Michael Cahill, where were you going?"

"I was walking toward the river."

"And when Mr. Cahill asked you where you were going, you said you were going to hell?"

"I did."

"What did you mean by that?"

"I meant it literally. I had tried to sell myself on the streets, but—but I couldn't bring myself to do it. So I was going to the river—to jump into it."

"But, instead, you went with the first man who accosted you. did you not?"

"I did—with Mr. Cahill."

"Because you were afraid of being arrested by a policeman?"

"Yes."

"By Officer Murphy—I believe that is his name. You

hadn't borrowed any money from him—for car fare?"

"No."

You told Biddy Murphy—no relation to the policeman—that you would have sold yourself for a lamb chop and a glass of milk."

"For a sandwich and a glass of milk."

"Yes, of course. Pardon me. I don't know why I said lamb chop. For a sandwich and a glass of milk. And, instead, you sold yourself for an estate worth more than a hundred million dollars and an honest man's name, did you not?"

"I did."

"YOU didn't love this man who took you off the street and gave you everything he had?"

"No. I did not."

"As a matter of fact, you hated him bitterly."

"I did—when I learned exactly why he married me."

"You hated him so bitterly you wanted to kill him. Isn't that true?"

"No. I never wanted to kill anybody. I merely wanted to leave him."

Wheatley smiled. "You wanted to go back to the streets again? Is that what you want the jury to believe?"

"I wanted to go back to the street that led to the river."

Wheatley withdrew his smile as easily as he had withdrawn one of his questions. He shook his finger in Natalie's face and demanded:

"Mrs. Cahill, isn't it true that you changed your mind about leaving him? That you didn't want to go back to the streets? Isn't it true that when he came up to your room with that gun, you saw your opportunity to get rid of him, and keep his money? Isn't it true that you shot him to death? Isn't it true then that you tried to make it appear that a burglar had done it?"

"No," Natalie said calmly. "It is not true."

"When did you first know Ebb-Tide's son was dead?"

"I don't know it now, Mr. Wheatley. I am convinced he is still alive."

"Oh, you are? You are convinced of that, despite the testimony of all the witnesses who swore he died six years ago?"

"In spite of everything, I believe he is still alive."

"But when you first said young Mike had killed his father, you hadn't heard that he was dead, had you?"

"No, I had not."

Wheatley smiled again.

"But you had heard your husband had a son?"

"Yes. He told me so himself."

"That's all," Wheatley said.

"That's all," Shannon echoed.

Natalie stepped down from the witness stand, and court adjourned for the day.

II

SHANNON spent all night in his office, thinking of the plea he must make to the jury, wondering at the absence of Matt Whelan, wondering at the sorrow of Mrs. Smith over the death of Elmer Goss, wondering at his own stupidity in burning the confession Goss had made.

He took the little urn into his hands.

"Last night this was a man," he thought, "a man who reasoned, felt, loved, feared. Tonight—smoke and gases and an urn of pearl-gray ashes. Last night we dined together, this handful of dust and I. We drank, and smoked, and talked. And suddenly, as with the click of a switch in the turning out of a light, the life went out of him. The click of a switch!"

The phrase made terrible pictures in his mind: Natalie walking down a corridor with a matron and with jailers; Natalie going through "the little green door" that wasn't green but brown; Natalie being ushered into the chamber of death, being strapped into the chair while scores of men gazed at her, sitting there proudly, calmly, unafraid, awaiting the click of a switch.

He wiped the moisture from his face. He stood looking up at the stars. He paced the floor of his office.

Exhausted at length, he slept a few hours in his swivel chair. Miss Prindiville awakened him.

"What day is it?" he asked.

"Wednesday."

"Wednesday. I must make my argument to the jury this morning. This afternoon the state will ask for Natalie's death. Tonight there may be a verdict."

"No word from Whelan, Mr. Shannon?"

"No word. Get Jim White for me. He's the best man I can think of. You talk to him, Miss Prindiville. You know what to say. I don't want to see anyone."

"He's due here at nine. Shall I order you some breakfast?"

"No. I couldn't eat."

Miss Prindiville took a flask from the top drawer of her desk, the top drawer on the left. "I was talking to White last night," she explained. "He left this for you."

Shannon shook his head. He took off his coat and vest, and washed his hands and face. He shaved himself.

"Good luck," Miss Prindiville said as he went out. "I'll be praying for you."

Shannon talked to the jury only half an hour. He looked haggard and old. He looked through bloodshot eyes at Juror No. 8, pitching his voice low, trying to keep it steady.

"Gentlemen," he began, "I don't think it necessary for me to say very much to you in the defense of my client. You all swore, before you took the oath as jurors, that if there was a reasonable doubt in your minds as to the guilt of the defendant, you would acquit her. And now that you have heard the evidence, all the evidence, you must entertain that doubt.

"The state maintains that no stranger got into the Cahill house on that day, April twenty-fifth. Yet, on cross-examination, Malachy McLaughlin, Cahill's chauffeur and valet and butler, admitted that one man did come into the house, a man who said he came to read the gas meter. You heard him say Cahill had told him of this man's visit. He didn't see that man leave. Biddy Murphy didn't see him leave. It may be that he did leave. I don't know. But there has been no testimony produced here in court to show that man was bona fide.

"I have heard no witness testify that the meter in the Cahill home was read that day, the twenty-fifth of April. I do not believe Mr. Wheatley overlooked that fact. I believe that if the meter was read, Mr. Wheatley would have put the meter reader on the stand, or would have brought into court the records of the gas company.

"It may be the man was bona fide. It may be he was an impostor. It is quite possible he killed Michael Cahill—

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE SHACKLED CINDERELLA
Continued from page fifty-nine]

and made it appear as though the defendant were guilty. I do not say such is the fact. I say it is possible. He could have remained in the house overnight. The police searched not one room in all that vast mansion. You heard them admit it. He could have gone out the following day without detection, since the door was open a good many hours in the afternoon.

" Some circumstances point to the guilt of Mrs. Cahill. But they were made to point that way. Consider, gentlemen—if she were the type of woman who could kill a man in cold blood, wouldn't she have wiped her fingerprint from that gun? Wouldn't she have tied her wrists and ankles tightly? Wouldn't she have hidden her jewels in some other place than under the mattress where the first policeman to hear of their loss would look for them?

" On the other hand, if a man were trying to make it appear that Natalie Cahill were the slayer, wouldn't he have put that gun to her fingertips? Wouldn't he have tied her so loosely that the stupidest cop on the force would suspect her? I'm not saying Sergeant Harrison is stupid, gentlemen. He isn't. But he suspected the woman immediately. When he saw how loosely the ropes were tied he was sure of her guilt. If the stranger in the house killed Ebb-Tide Mike, and wanted it to appear that Mike's young bride was the murderess, what better means could he take than hiding her jewels where they would be found so easily? He wanted them to be found.

" If Mrs. Cahill fired that shot, she didn't have to go through all the rigamarole of ropes and fingerprints and hidden diamonds. She could have said the shooting was an accident, that she awakened suddenly, saw her husband there with a gun, was frightened, grappled with him, got the weapon from him, and fired it in self-defense. She could have said that, suddenly awakened, she didn't recognize the man as her husband; had, for the time, no recollection of marrying him. She could have screamed, and waited there in the dark of her room, gun in hand, until Biddy Murphy came to her. And nothing would have happened. Everybody would have had to believe her story.

" The state will tell you, no doubt, that she did these foolish things in a panic after she shot her husband. You have seen her on the stand, gentlemen. You have seen her assailed ruthlessly and pitilessly by Mr. Wheatley. You never saw a trace of panic in her.

" She says she was asleep. She awakened to see her husband standing in the door, saying, ' My own son! ' If she were lying, she would tell you she saw the other man, and the gun in his hand; would give you some description of him—and it would have been easy enough for her to have obtained a description of Ebb-Tide Mike's son.

" DEAD, the state says. The boy is dead, has been dead five years, or six. You heard witnesses get up and raise their hands and swear to tell the truth about that. You heard them say they were present when Paddy Cahill and Dr. Samuel Linklater, a dentist, identified a body as that of young Mike Cahill.

" Did you see Paddy Cahill on the stand during this trial? You did not. Why? Perhaps Mr. Wheatley will tell you that later. Dr. Linklater is dead. Dr. Linklater, it seems, recognized some bridgework as that he had made for the young man. Who asked Dr. Linklater to make the identification? Paddy Cahill. Not Michael Cahill. Paddy Cahill. Has there been any testimony here to show that Dr. Linklater actually did make a bridge for young Mike Cahill at any time? There has not. So far as I know, young Mike never even had a toothache. Dr. Linklater is dead, and we cannot question him. He was shot and killed a few months ago, before my investigators could question him. Recently, within the last two days, I have tried to get in touch with his widow. She had disappeared, with all her husband's effects, all his records.

" I don't doubt, gentlemen, that the witnesses who swore to the identification saw Dr. Linklater examine that bridge, and heard him say it was young Mike Cahill's. But I do doubt that Linklater told the truth. I believe young Mike is still alive. I believe that he went to his father's house that April day to kill him. He knew the secret of that door. He invented it. It is possible he still had his key. He opened the door and walked in, perhaps. Even if he had lost the key, and his father admitted him, he may have posed as the man to read the meter. He may have been disguised.

" It is entirely probable that he knew of his father's marriage, his father's will. It is entirely probable that, after he killed his father, he made it appear—to the police and to the district attorney at least—that the slayer was this sleeping girl.

" WHY? There was a huge fortune involved—and the girl had come between that fortune and himself and his uncle. It is significant that, a few hours after the murder, his uncle's lawyers were in court asking for injunctions, tying up Ebb-Tide's estate.

" Gentlemen, I have no proof that young Mike is alive. For six months I have tried to get such proof, and failed. He escaped with another convict, one known as Croaker Krull. I have found no trace of Krull. For all I know it may have been his body that Linklater identified as that of Michael Cahill, Junior.

" Nor did Ebb-Tide Mike himself believe his son was dead. He did not take part in the identification of the body. He always spoke—even on the day of his death—as though his son were alive. Malachy McLaughlin and Biddy Murphy testified to that.

" The state contends that Mrs. Cahill tells a ridiculous lie when she says her husband stood there with his arms raised, saying, ' My own son! ' Yet the state's witnesses say candidly that, years after young Mike is supposed to have died, his father said, ' My son is a blackguard.' How can you get away from that?

" The state will ask you to send this girl in her teens to the electric chair—for murder. Ah, not for murder alone—for murder and adultery. Two nights ago her sweetheart died. He shot himself. Why? I'll not tell you that, gentlemen of the jury. I'll not say that Mr. Wheatley's righteous anger against what he calls sin, blasted that boy's life. I'll not say that Mr. Wheatley's denunciation of ' the evil woman ' had anything to do with that suicide.

" I don't know how Mr. Wheatley feels about the death of Elmer Goss. Elmer Goss, if he sinned, has already answered, not to Mr. Wheatley but to God.

" Elmer Goss is dead. I didn't kill him. You didn't kill him. He killed himself. And yet, in the sight of God, the state is as guilty of his death as it will be of the death of this innocent woman if Mr. Wheatley has his way. ' She's an evil woman,' he shouts. ' Stone her. Kill her. Put her in the electric chair. The welfare of the state demands it. This great state of ours must not be cheated of its rights. We must burn this girl to death. Why? Because she is a murderess? No, because she's wicked, because she's evil—*because she loved.*"

There were tears in the eyes of every man in the jury box when Shannon sat down. There were tears in his own eyes. Mr. Wheatley commented on that.

" I feel like crying too," he began. " It is a hard task for me, the father of girls, to stand before you and ask for the life of a beautiful girl such as the defendant. But my duty is plain. And yours, gentlemen. Ah, we cry, but we know what we must do. I have seen jurors weep before, and bring in a verdict that sent some wretch to the chair.

" We are not brutes. Yet neither are we sentimental cowards. Mr. Shannon called me a persecutor, among other things. Gentlemen, I am not alone on the side of the state. His honor is a part of the prosecution. So are you. You are the judges of the defendant's innocence or guilt. You may find her guilty. Will that be persecu-

tion? Or will it be justice? The judge may sentence her to death. Will Mr. Shannon call him a persecutor? Of course not.

"My part is merely to present the evidence to you, to get the truth out of witnesses as best I can, to sum up my case, and to demand, in the name of the state, the full penalty of the law for this heinous offense—justice for the blood of a murdered gentleman!

"If I have stressed the question of morality in this case, it was because I thought it relevant. In some murders there are mitigating circumstances, reasons for clemency—a woman betrayed, a girl more sinned against than sinning, a woman killing to justify or avenge fancied wrongs. But there is none of that here. This defendant was not betrayed. She met her lover halfway, brazenly, inviting him. She did not ask for marriage until she had reason to fear exposure and shame. Then he denied her—this man whom Mr. Shannon praises and extols as a martyr of the state—and she fled from her home. She had done no wrong, she said. She had a right to love. Why, then, did she flee? 'The guilty flee when no man pursueth.'

"She jabbed her husband with her elbow, hunched one shoulder toward the jury, and ducked to the elevator."

"DO you think she was an innocent girl? Do you think she walked the streets just to keep warm, and begged money from policemen that she might eat? A clever woman who didn't want to be picked up by the police would do as she did—beg them for car fare home—make them think her the innocent daughter of people here in this city. Of course, she would repay them, out of her earnings. And they'd continue to think well of her.

"She was walking toward the river, she says, to throw herself in. Do you believe that? She hadn't run out of policemen. She had only met twenty of them—and there are thousands in this city. A nickel from this one, a dime from that—she need not have starved.

"There are half a dozen charitable organizations she might have appealed to, associations formed to take care of homeless and penniless girls. The Travelers' Aid would have sheltered and fed her, found her honest work to do, or would have furnished her money for transportation to her home, had she wanted to go home.

"An innocent girl walking down South Street to throw herself into the river? Absurd. And she went with Michael Cahill only because she feared arrest! Do you believe that?

"Gentlemen, all she saw when Cahill confronted her was an old man, not too well dressed without his silk hat, an angry old man she didn't know. And she greeted him with flip words, 'I'm going to hell!' Mr. Shannon used those words for pathos! I see no pathos in them, nothing but rudeness, vulgarity, waywardness. She wasn't afraid of the policeman. She felt she could handle him. But when she saw Mike Cahill's splendid car—when it dawned on her that this old man was rich—she went with him and made no further difficulty.

"I am criticized for calling her the evil woman of the Proverbs. And yet I cannot see that she acted as a lady should, as my daughters would, or yours. She married a man she did not love. She heard him call her names. And so, in the dead of night, in cold malice, and in fierce, hot greed, she murdered him."

Wheatley talked for an hour, summing up the state's case, cackling over the return of young Mike's ghost disguised as a gas-meter man, defending the reputation of that great philanthropist Paddy Cahill against the assaults Shannon had made upon it, harping on the fingerprint on the gun. "Every criminal makes one mistake, one fatal mistake. Natalie Cahill made several."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE SHACKLED CINDERELLA
Continued from page sixty-one]

It was almost noon when he finished.

"I didn't kill Elmer Goss," he ended. "The state didn't kill him. He died because of this woman here on trial. An old man died because of her. A young man died because of her. She loved him?

"'And I beheld among the simple ones,' sings Solomon, the Israelitish king, 'a young man void of understanding. And, behold, there met him a woman with the attire of an harlot, and wily of heart. She is clamorous and willful; her feet abide not in her house; now she is in the streets, now in the broad places, and lieth in wait at every corner.'

"And 'with her much fair speech she causeth him to yield; with the flattering of her lips she forceth him along. He goeth after her straightway, as an ox goeth to the slaughter, as a bird to the snare, knowing not it is for his life.

"'Hearken unto me and attend to the words of my mouth. Let not thy heart decline to her ways; go not astray in her paths. For she hath cast down many wounded; yea, all her slain are a mighty host. Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death.'

"Gentlemen, on your solemn oaths as jurors, I ask you to find this woman guilty of murder in the first degree."

III

THE jurors retired to deliberate on their verdict after listening to the instructions of the judge, and Shannon held Natalie's hand for one swift, burning moment. "It may be long," he said, "until they return."

"I will be patient," she said.

"You are not afraid?"

"No. Not so long as I know you still are near me."

"Tomorrow we may be married."

Her eyes were bright as she walked out with the matron.

Slowly the courtroom emptied, leaving only the attorneys and the court attendants and the reporters.

Jim White, a young man in tweeds, came hastily through the gate in the railing and sat beside Bob Shannon. "Whelan's sent a wire," he said, and thrust a yellow envelope into Shannon's hand.

Shannon opened it, saw that it came from Edmonton, and read the message. "Honeymooning," it read. "Wish you were here. Whelan."

"It's a lie," Shannon said. "Send somebody immediately to Edmonton, Canada, to look for Matt. Wire the police there to help you. Don't lose a minute. Then come back."

The jury went out to lunch. Shannon followed a little later. He went into the lobby of the Farring House and looked for Natalie's parents. They were not there. He asked the clerk for information.

"They went out this morning," the clerk said. "They did not return. The key is still in their box."

Shannon scribbled a note, sealed it, and left it for them. He strolled back to the courtroom. Winnie Rollins was standing on the top step. Shannon didn't see her until she stopped him. "Bob!" she said.

He looked at her as though she were a stranger. Then some tenderness came into his bloodshot eyes.

"Why, it's the witch!"

"Bob, I do hope you win."

"Thanks, Winnie." He pressed her hand.

One of the reporters came to him.

"The dope is eleven to one for conviction," he said.

"Where did you get that?" Shannon demanded. "From Tim Tommaney?"

"Indirectly. From his pal."

"Thanks."

Shannon took his seat in the empty court, and waited. Jim White sat with him all afternoon.

At six o'clock Shannon spoke to him.

"Go see if you can find Mr. and Mrs. Smith," he said. "I'm worried about them. They should be here. The jury is likely to come in any minute."

"They've gone out to dinner," White said.

"Oh! I didn't know. Go get the Smiths, and bring them here as soon as the jury is ready to return. What time is it?"

White looked at Shannon's wrist watch and then at Shannon. "Six o'clock," he answered. "Too dark for you to see your watch?"

"I forgot I had it. Get the Smiths."

White returned in a few minutes.

"The jury's coming back," he said. "It looks bad. They didn't eat. They walked into the dining room, and walked right out again."

"What happened?"

"They saw Mrs. Smith in the lobby."

"Well?"

"She was decked out in a lot of new glad rags. Elmer Goss' money went to her head."

Shannon groaned and leaned back against the edge of the desk. He closed his eyes. "Her fingers were manicured?" he asked. "Her hair was marcelled?"

"Yes."

"She was wearing diamonds?"

"Plenty!"

"Good God! And the jurors saw her, and they're coming back?"

"Yes. Evidently she had been shopping all day. She came in through one door and crossed the lobby just as Tim led the jurors in through the other door."

"Did Mrs. Smith say anything?"

"No, but she jabbed her husband in the ribs with her elbow, hunched one shoulder toward the jury, and ducked to the elevator. Smith turned a sort of sickly yellow and froze. You could see by his hands he knew the jury was hep. What a tough break!"

"THE jury took a ballot in that dining room?"

"I don't know. But it's sure they made up their minds then and there. As I get it, Juror Number One, the foreman, was hanging the bunch. When he got a flash at the little black-clad, weeping mama all done up in tissue paper and diamonds, his pan went cuckoo. You could see him thinking—changing his mind about mama, about you, and of course about—"

Shannon closed his eyes and leaned back again.

"Good crimus!" said White. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing—now."

"Say! For a minute I thought you'd had a heart attack. Sure you oughtn't to see a doc?"

"No!" He said no more until the matron seated Natalie at his side.

"My dear! My dear!" he said then. "Twice I've failed you!"

"Courage," she whispered. "I'm not afraid to die. We still have love."

The jury filed in slowly. The judge took his seat on the bench. The courtroom stilled.

Shannon could feel the pulse in Natalie's wrist. It was beating fast. He shut his eyes again, put his fingers in his ears.

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Safety First

I asked Caroline, my four-year-old niece, "How did your dog get killed?" Her reply was: "He forgot to look up and down the road before crossing."—W. J. Boesch, 1 Crane St., Parlin, N. J.

* * *

Wrong Ingredient

After completing a sand pile for my five-year-old daughter I asked her how she liked it. "All right, I guess," she replied, "but most all my recipes call for mud."—Mrs. L. H. Osborn, Edson Hotel, Beaumont, Tex.

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GETTING

A Veteran's Memories of the Grow
It on the G

By JAC

(Reading time: 12 minutes 10 seconds.)

IT was the winter of 1899, and the midnight express was speeding through the darkness from Springfield to Chicago. Sitting up in a day coach, Paddy Carroll, manager of the old Illinois Athletic Club in the Howard Theater on Desplaines Street in Chicago, George Siler, the referee, and I munched sandwiches we had purchased in the depot at Springfield, from which town we had just made a hasty exit.

We had brought down there from Chicago two fighters for a feature bout. This bout was a flop and the crowd didn't like it. So, to help appease the patrons, we had put on a battle royal with a lot of Negroes picked off the streets of Springfield.

During a lull in the conversation George asked: "Did you notice that big 'coon' that won the battle royal tonight?"

"No," I said. "Why?"

"Well, he looked pretty good to me."

"Don't try to kid me, George," I said. "You know it was a rotten show, and you go fishing around and pick out a Negro in a battle royal to say something good about."

"No, Jack, I'm serious," he replied. "That 'coon' had a great left hand and looked as though he knew his way around the ring."

At that time the most popular gathering place for sporting men in Chicago was Stillson's Café, at Madison and Dearborn streets. The night bartender was Frank Kennedy, whose pet theme of conversation was the fighting ability of a Negro porter at Stillson's who went by the name of Klondike. When Siler got back to Stillson's, still talking about the Negro with a "good left hand," Kennedy scented some easy money. He pulled out a fifty-dollar bill and laid it on the counter, saying:

"That says that Klondike will put this big shine of yours out inside of six rounds."

The match was made, and Paddy Carroll wired Connors at Springfield asking him to send the winner of the battle royal to Chicago—and, incidentally, to tell us his name. Connors wired back that he was sending him and that his name was Jack Johnson.

A purse of thirty dollars was put up for the two fighters, the winner to get twenty and the loser ten. They mauled each other until the fifth round, when Klondike's left thumped Johnson in the body and Jack sank to the canvas. Rolling over and assuming a comfortable position, he settled himself to take the count if it lasted all evening. When it was over he dragged himself to his feet and shuffled out of the ring.

When I had finished counting up the meager receipts, there was Jack Johnson waiting at the door.

"Mr. Curley," he whined, "ain't I gonna git nothin' for fightin' here tonight? I ain't had nothin' to eat since seben o'clock this mawnin' in Springfield. If I could git just three dollars I could eat an' git back home."

I went back to ask Carroll why he hadn't been paid.

"He quit, didn't he?" snarled Paddy. "I won't give him a dime."

Downstairs I met Sig Hart. "Sig," I asked him, "have you got a buck?"

He had and he produced it. I put two dollars to it and handed it to Johnson, who thanked me and shuffled off.

Had anybody told me then that this hungry Negro would be heavyweight champion of the world, I would have laughed in his face. And had anybody even suggested that I was then embarking in a business that would become one of America's four highest ranking industries in the matter of gross revenue, my inclination would have been to call a cop and have him put in a strait-jacket.

Yet in that same city twenty-eight years later 140,000 persons paid $2,658,660 to see a fight—the second Dempsey-Tunney fight.

At that time big-league baseball was drawing a few meager thousands into ramshackle wooden stands, and football was drawing practically nobody but the student rooters. Golf was an unknown game as far as the general public was concerned, and horse racing only a hobby. Tennis was a "sissy game." Sport was then just sport—nobody thought of it as a business.

Nowadays in a normal year it runs a close fourth to slaughtering and meat packing, the iron and steel industry, and the lumber and timber industry, as America's leading industry in the matter of gross revenue—and I have United States Department of Commerce figures before me to prove it. By reference to these figures I find that in such a year the American public pays over $240,000,000 more annually for its sport than it does for all its bread

THE GATE!

Wide World photo

the One Industry That Can Take a Depression

URLEY

and bakery products; that as a business sport exceeds the manufacture of men's clothing in gross annual revenue by more than $400,000,000; it exceeds the manufacture of women's clothing by more than $200,000,000; its gross annual revenue is more than $200,000,000 in excess of the mill value of all flour and other grain-mill products milled during the year.

There it is, and you can figure it up for yourself. The figures include only what the public—the ultimate consumer—pays for its sport on the spot. It doesn't include the millions of dollars that are paid out for car and train fare and hotel bills as a by-product of sport.

Why, on a single afternoon, in a business depression that has had practically every other industry in the world flat on its back, nearly a half million persons in the United States fought their way through the turnstiles to pay close to a million dollars into the gross business of sport! This was on October 4, 1930, when the World's Series merged over into the opening of the football season.

ON another Saturday afternoon in the following month, with the newspapers filled with appeals for aid for the unemployed who had been thrown out of work by the cessation of other industries, more than 100,000 persons paid "speculators' prices" to sit through a driving rainstorm in Soldiers' Field in Chicago and watch the Army and Notre Dame football teams slithering around in the mud. The latter part of last June organized baseball held a meeting in New York and, with the business situation aggravated by more than a year of industrial stagnation, announced that the attendance and receipts for the first half of the season had far exceeded that of any previous year.

To such huge proportions have grown the many ramifications of the business on which I embarked as a mere matter of chance when I drifted into Chicago on the heels of the World's Fair of 1893. Since that time I have promoted everything, from wrestling in the Metropolitan Opera House and professional tennis at Forest Hills to a world's heavyweight championship in Cuba, and from behind the box-office cage I have watched the big business of sport crash the gates of high finance.

The peak in the big business of boxing was reached with that colossal gate at the second Dempsey-Tunney fight at Soldiers' Field in Chicago in 1927, the previous high "gate" being the $1,800,000 paid to see the first Dempsey-Tunney fight at the Sesquicentennial Stadium in Philadelphia on the night of September 23, 1926.

I can't help but contrast the spectacle at those two fights—or any other well regulated boxing bout of today—with what we had to contend with in the days when in order to pull off a fight we usually had to dodge the very authorities who now occupy ringside seats.

In Chicago, then, we had to pick some secluded spot around the countryside and hold our fights in secret, depending for our customers on the few whom we knew it would be safe to tip off.

WHEN Jimmy Barry and Casper Leon were matched to fight "in or near Chicago" on September 25, 1894, the "customers" were told to be at the Union Station at seven o'clock that evening. There they were met and quietly told to go to the Dearborn station on the other side of town, where a special train was ready to pull out for a destination unknown to all save the promoters and the train crew. The train stopped at Lamont, Illinois, where a ring was pitched on the turf and the fighters got ready. Collectors with satchels suspended on straps from the shoulders went among the spectators collecting the admission fee, placing small bits of cardboard in the hatbands of those who paid.

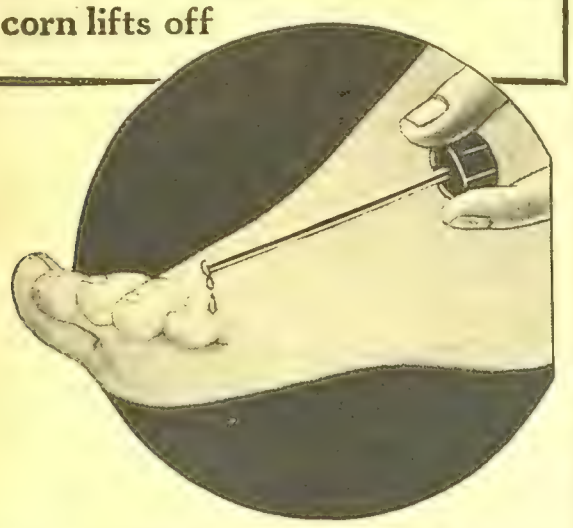
A famous fight was pulled off in a barroom hall in New York on March 5, 1905. The contestants were Young Griffo, then one of the sensations of the ring, and Patsy Sweeney. The word was passed quietly around for the fans to go up to 125th Street in Harlem. There they were met by a few friends and piloted to a saloon on a side street, where they were passed in, one or two at a time, by a big burly Negro. Going through the saloon into the billiard room, everybody was closely scrutinized before the password was given and they were admitted to a hall in the rear where the fight was to be held.

This "arena" was a smelly hole crowded with about one hundred fight fans, and the tobacco smoke, odor from liquor and the perspiration of the closely packed audience added nothing to its attraction. The doors were locked, lookouts posted, and the fighters came into the ring and

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

NOW STOP PAIN QUICKEST WAY

Just one drop does it — then corn lifts off



Just one little drop of FREEZONE on that aching corn will stop all pain instantly and for good. Then a few more drops of this safe liquid and corn gets so loose you can lift it right off with your fingers, core and all. It's the quickest way known to get rid of hard and soft corns and calluses. Get a bottle from your druggist and try it.

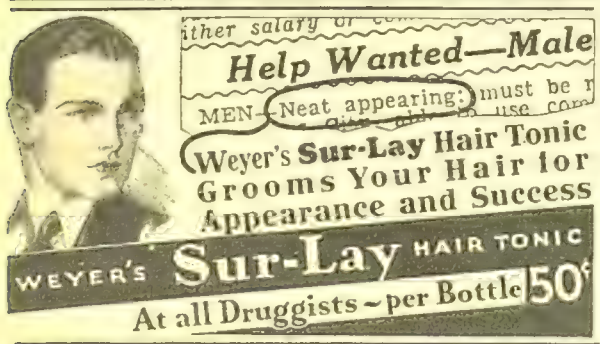
FREEZONE

RECIPES for Hurried Meals

For time saving menus and suggestions on dishes easy to prepare, thousands of women turn to Liberty's cook-book—"100 Standard Recipes." Every recipe tested, simple, easy to follow, economical. Send ten cents (stamps or coin) for a copy.

LIBERTY COOKBOOKS,
Liberty Weekly—Lincoln Square—New York, N. Y.
Please send me a copy of "100 Standard Recipes." I enclose 10¢.

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____
3-26-32



WELDONA TABLETS

On sale at drug stores from coast to coast. 24 page fully illustrated book "History of Rheumatism" with chapter describing germs of rheumatism sent free upon request. Write to

WELDONA CORPORATION
Atlantic City, N. J. Dept. L-12, Montreal, Can

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-FIVE]

put on their tights in full view of the spectators. Then it was found that the gloves had been left in the saloon. One of the seconds was sent out to get them, and in order to avoid suspicion he carried a water bucket and came back with the gloves in it.

But no modern "million-dollar gate" ever saw a harder-fought or more evenly contested fight than this one—which, by the way, Griffo won on a foul in the fourteenth.

This was the atmosphere in which the fight game was born.

I accompanied Tommy Ryan to Louisville when he fought Tommy West in the bloodiest fight ever staged, on March 4, 1901. In the fourth round of this fight West butted Ryan in the mouth, splitting his lip and knocking out some of his teeth. Ryan, turning to Tim Hurst, the referee, mumbled:

"What do you call that, Tim?"

"You've got a head, too, haven't you, Tommy?" blandly replied Hurst.

Ryan took the tip and in the fifth round butted West in the mouth, splitting his lips and dotting the canvas of the ring with his broken teeth. After that he ripped West's lacerated mouth with his wrist and forearm every time they got to close quarters, and the floor of the ring became so soaked with blood that between the rounds employees of the club had to mop it with towels. Ryan finally won in the seventeenth round.

The train for Chicago was due to leave at midnight, and Tommy and I, boarding it at eleven o'clock, went to bed. Just before the train started, West and his party entered our car and I heard somebody asking West if he had reserved a berth.

"No," he said thickly, his mouth being so badly lacerated that he could hardly talk; "but I'll get one."

At this point the conductor appeared and informed him that all the berths were taken. Hearing this, Ryan called out:

"That's all right, Tommy. There's room for two in my berth. Climb in."

AND so this pair of fighters who had tried to tear each other to pieces in the ring an hour or two before rode back to Chicago snuggled close together in the same berth.

Those were the days when the only money to amount to anything that was made in any line of sport was collected by the gamblers. The promoters, fighters, ball players, and club owners got little out of it but the sport.

The first real money I got as a promoter of sports came from the winnings of a gambler. This was in 1903, when I met Andy Craig, a saloon keeper on State Street in Chicago and a professional bondsman. I was then managing George Gardiner and promoting his fights in which I was associated in a sort of partnership with two others. Craig asked me how much money I made handling Gardiner, and I informed him that at his last fight my end had amounted to some $400, which was about the average. Then he made me a proposition:

"I've made a lot of money, but I've been tied down. Now I want to enjoy myself and make a name for myself as a sportsman. Let me be known as Gardiner's manager while you promote the matches and tip me off when to bet on him, and I'll split with you whatever I win."

As Craig was wealthy this was a real opportunity, so I accepted.

SHORTLY after this I had a proposal to take Gardiner to Louisville to fight Marvin Hart on May 13, the night before the Kentucky Derby. On the day of the fight I informed Craig that he could bet as much as he pleased, for Gardiner was in excellent condition and I was sure he would beat Hart. Craig bet $20,000 with Colonel Appleby, one of Hart's Louisville admirers, and placed $25,000 more around the hotels and cafés. Gardiner beat Hart in twelve rounds.

The following morning Craig called me to his suite and I found him sitting at a table on which was piled thousands of dollars in a great heap.

"Jack," he said, "I've given twenty-five hundred to each of my agents. Here's twenty thousand for you."

I was sole possessor of more money than I had ever seen up to that time. I hurried to my room and gave $5,000 of it to Gardiner and an equal amount to my associate, and I think we laughed all the way back to Chicago. That would be mere pin money now.

Since those days sport has gained much in the way of public prestige and emoluments, but it has also lost much of its former romance and adventure. Now it is a dignified business conducted in a dignified way.

Today—unless a new contract, pending at this writing, lowers the figure—Babe Ruth is paid $80,000 a year for playing baseball, and there are a number of players who get better than $25,000. And when I started promoting sports, Larry Lajoie, the greatest player of his day, had to become a holdout to get $1,800. Back in the early nineties George Moreland actually sold a whole baseball club that contained Hans Wagner and three other big-league stars for *seventy-five dollars!*

THE END

Solution of Detectogram on page 34

The note, although misspelled, poorly expressed, and written by a seemingly illiterate hand, was punctuated properly in two places. A semicolon and a comma would not have been used had the writer been as ignorant as the rest of his letter indicated. Force of habit had betrayed him.

Another Detectogram will appear next week.

Wise-Crack Prize Winners

HERE are the winners of the first Wise-Crack Contest answering the question, "Why did the chicken cross the road?" Prize checks will be mailed to each winner forthwith.

$100 FIRST PRIZE

Because she mistook the jealous glint in the eye of her neighbor for the green light.
Joseph Marino, Norristown, Pa.

$50 SECOND PRIZE

That's where all the Big Bugs live.
Mrs. George E. Strutt, Minneapolis, Minn.

$25 THIRD PRIZE

Because the farmer was going to "ax" her for dinner.
Edward Gariester, Jr., Philadelphia, Pa.

$10 FOURTH PRIZES

William A. Cooke, Jr., Westfield, Mass.; William F. Winsor, Boston, Mass.

$5 FIFTH PRIZES

Gerald E. Force, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Edna Richardson, Lake Worth, Fla.; J. P. McGrath, Atlanta, Ga.; Claude C. Powell, Graham, Texas; H. L. Newell, Oklahoma City, Okla.; Jos. Dorjath, Detroit, Mich.; Lewis Clemence, Providence, R. I.

$2 SIXTH PRIZES

George H. Shinn, Narberth, Pa.; J. J. McDermott, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Dorothy Miller, East Cleveland, Ohio; Mary E. Trout, Camden, N. J.; Alice H. Henderson, Galesburg, Ill.; Lottie W. Simmons, South Portland, Maine; F. E. Lawrence, Warren, Ariz.; S. S. Sawtelle, Chesapeake City, Md.; Mrs. Ethel M. Benney, East Springfield, Pa.; Howard B. Horner, Oakland, Calif.; Frank E. Clisby, North Girard, Pa.; Adrian Anderson, Tampa, Fla.; George W. Henkel, Baltimore, Md.

A. Grant Campbell, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. George McElroy, Carson City, Nev.; Ada W. Allen, Tacoma, Wash.; Harlan Canigan, Portland, Maine; Mrs. Elissa Mulgrew, San Bernardino, Calif.; George H. Linehan, Jersey City, N. J.; Plumor M. McClintock, Detroit, Mich.; L. M. Shrum, Pottstown, Pa.; C. J. Jackson, Los Angeles, Calif.; Claud E. Sohn, Middletown, Pa.; Alvin Williamson, Trenton, Mo.; George Dale, Somerville, Mass.; J. M. Scott, San Francisco, Calif.; Lois Hayden, Dothan, Ala.; Marcus H. Schontz, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Margaret Ames, Rockland, Mass.; Al. Whittaker, New Haven, Conn.; Ina Pukin, Maywood, Neb.; Jerry Elliott, Three Rivers, Que., Can.; Albert Huntoon, Jr., Detroit, Mich.; Fred Ballard, Mount Holly, N. C.; Bernard A. Cassidy, Medford, Mass.; Mrs. C. L. Jones, Cleveland Hgts., Ohio.

Wendell Gill, Greenville, S. C.; W. T. Rardin, Huntington, W. Va.; James Albert Reed, Erie, Pa.; Louis M. Lazarus, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mabel G. Blankenship, Springfield, Mo.; Nan Schulte, Cleveland Hgts., Ohio; Mrs. N. E. Colburn, Gary, Ind.; Frances Sutherland, Wilmington, N. C.; R. A. Wilkins, Rome, N. Y.; Mrs. Nell E. Ellenberger, Lowville, N. Y.; Marie B. Gager, St. Petersburg, Fla.; W. V. Rosin, San Antonio, Tex.; H. A. Hadley, Oberlin, Pa.; Henry Premo, Burlington, Vt.

$1 SEVENTH PRIZES

Mark Brown, Mystic, Iowa; John J. Timberlake, Columbus, Ohio; May Long, Minneapolis, Minn.; Alice M. Danforth, Evanston, Ill.; M. Garvin Rosemont, Philadelphia, Pa.; Allan Kempton, Lyndhurst, N. J.; Viola M. Dolley, Los Angeles, Calif.; William T. Russell, Bagdad, Fla.; N. V. Woodruff, Parlin, N. J.; Harry Morrison, Puente, Calif.; E. Arthur Stone, Lund, Utah; Paul C. Morey, El Paso, Tex.; Herbert M. Whitman, Denver, Colo.; Mrs. Katherine Stewart, Globe, Ariz.; Leo Rooney, Renovo, Pa.; William S. Stout, Jr., Harrisville, W. Va.; J. Kenney Lawlor, Wayland, Mass.; Neil Murtha, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mrs. B. Frank Cryst, Lewistown, Pa.

Mrs. Charles Anderson, Monaca, Pa.; Marie E. Steuerlein, Haddon Heights, N. J.; Ethel J. Barnard, Larimer, Pa.; Albert T. Thomas, Pueblo, Colo.; W. B. Kenner, Houston, Tex.; Bernard Smith, Malabar, Fla.; Lt. S. F. Oden, U. S. N., Annapolis, Md.; Leola T. Park, Citronelle, Ala.; Lew Williams, San Francisco, Calif.; B. Fitzpatrick, Miami, Fla.; William R. Gardiner, El Paso, Tex.; Mildred Mackrill, Albert Lea, Minn.; Roy F. Wren, East St. Louis, Ill.; Albert Wiles, Inglewood, Calif.; E. P. Richards, Delton, Mich.; Mrs. J. Payne, Indianapolis, Ind.; Lee Beckett, Spokane, Wash.; Mrs. Inez Reeder, Philadelphia, Pa.; H. J. Burns, St. Louis, Mo.

Curtis T. Kroeger, Goshen, N. Y.; R. A. Robbins, Roscoe, N. Y.; Stella Wisehart, New Castle, Ind.; Wilma Eyth, Philadelphia, Pa.; E. W. Collins, Jonesboro, Ark.; E. R. Kaiser, Olive Hill, Ky.; Joseph Mirda, New York, N. Y.; Russell E. Miller, Atlantic City, N. J.; W. J. Brislin, Glens Falls, N. Y.; T. Roy Summer, Newberry, S. C.; Mrs. Edwin W. Foster, Mankato, Minn.; Frank Hayes, Culpeper, Va.; Mrs. Samuel S. Franks, Philadelphia, Pa.; Ida Louise Biggs, Georgetown, Fla.; Sanford M. Sollish, New York, N. Y.; H. C. Martin, Washington, D. C.; Maxine Crum, Hollidaysburg, Pa.; Jack Henly, Berwick, Pa.; W. F. Nesbitt, Scotia, N. Y.

John Martin, Plainfield, N. J.; John B. Respess, Birmingham, Ala.; Pauline Williams, Charlotte, N. C.; William Dann, New York, N. Y.; G. A. Mix, Salt Lake City, Utah; Mrs. Henry Merriman, Mojave, Calif.; Mrs. N. R. Rhoades, Mount Vernon, Ohio; Mrs. Mabel Mueller, St. Louis, Mo.; Walter W. Colby, Alpena, Mich.; Joseph H. Vones, Philadelphia, Pa.; Paul R. Fertig, San Diego, Calif.; James W. Shipe, Sunbury, Pa.; George Atkinson, Detroit, Mich.; Bradford L. Bowen, New York, N. Y.; Bernard J. Smith, Philadelphia, Pa.; Milton A. Bell, Philadelphia, Pa.; Betty Wellington, Chicago, Ill.; Nathan D. Grundstein, Columbus, Ohio; Mrs. Bernard Kenyon, Pontiac, Mich.; Le Roy Miller, Los Angeles, Calif.

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Agnes Sodoma, Cedar Rapids, Iowa; Ben Leiner, Philadelphia, Pa.; Dallas R. Tobin, New York, N. Y.; Robert D. Maley, Jersey City, N. J.; Gertrude B. Madden, Fall River, Mass.; R. C. Ruhe, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Edward V. Conner, Houston, Tex.; W. A. Compton, Floyd, Va.; Bernard Kenny, Waterbury, Conn.; J. L. Southwick, Los Angeles, Calif.; Mrs. W. A. McRae, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. Thomas Wilton, Trinidad, Colo.; Swen Swenson, Chicago, Ill.; Peter Brown, Washington, D. C.; Lois Rainey, Grove City, Pa.; Floy Walsh, Sweet Home, Ark.; Edna A. Weiss, Kingston, N. Y.; George H. Carr, Afton, N. Y.; G. E. Whitlock, Springfield, Ohio; Mrs. James King, Everett, Mass.

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ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 24

1—Augusta.
2—Water power.
3—Denver, Colorado.
4—Thirty-two.
5—James Russell Lowell.
6—A cubic meter.
7—Stinginess.
8—Pachyderms.
9—Library of Congress.
10—In southwestern Utah.
11—A German musical composer.
12—Polite or elegant literature.
13—They are signs of the zodiac.
14—Colorado.
15—St. Luke.
16—Greece.
17—Naming the thirty two points of the compass in their order.
18—The Monday before Lent.
19—A gumlike substance obtained from some trees.
20—Bill of Rights.

Lost Her Boy Friends Because of FAT

Depicting the physical charm and attractiveness which chic slenderness brings.

A half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water every morning before breakfast, going lighter on potatoes, fatty meats and pastry, makes reducing a delight—it's so SAFE and CONVENIENT. It leaves no ugly wrinkles, no dark circles under the eyes or ill after effects.

Rather it's a splendid health-builder—a blend of 6 SEPARATE minerals which help every gland and body organ to function properly. You lose ugly, unhealthy fat at the same time gain strength and energy.

Mrs. Ethel Smith, a nurse in Norwich, Conn., lost 16 lbs. with the first bottle of Kruschen and reports a marvelous gain in health.

An 85c bottle (lasts 4 weeks) is sold by leading drugstores thruout the world. Start to-day and reduce—stay younger longer!

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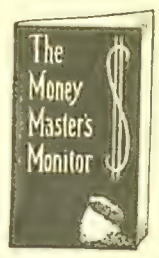

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Now that We've Found the South Pole, *What Are We Going to Do with It?*

$500 IN PRIZES FOR WISE CRACK ANSWERS

THAR'S gold in them thar wise cracks! A lode of it. Stake out your claim to a share by sending in a wise crack answering the question, "Now that we've found the South Pole, what are we going to do with it?"

Liberty will pay $500 in cash for the winning answers to this question according to the prize schedule herewith. Jot down your wise crack now, while you think of it! As few words as you wish. Not more than twenty at the most. The judges will assay your entry and establish its grade. Then comes the pay-off. In cash. Get in on this! The brief rules tell when and where to file your entry.

Don't make a mystery of your signature and address. If you do not write plainly, for your own protection print your name and address on your entry. Otherwise, if you win a prize the postman may not be able to locate you.

Prize winners for the first contest—"Why did the chicken cross the road?"—are published on page 67 of this issue.

The RULES

1. Anyone, anywhere, may compete in this contest except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their immediate families.

2. Each week until further notice Liberty will print a contest question. Write what you consider the most ridiculous possible answer to it. Your answer must be accompanied by a suggested question usable in a future edition of this contest.

3. Each answer must not exceed twenty words. Each suggested question must not exceed twenty words. Use the coupon, a copy thereof, or a plain sheet of paper. Use typewriter or pen and ink. Answers in pencil will not be considered. If you do not use the coupon, write on one side of your sheet of paper only.

4. The answer which, in the opinion of the judges, is the most ridiculous and is accompanied by the best suggested question for a future edition of the contest will be awarded the first prize. The next best entry, judged on this basis, will be awarded second prize, etc., according to the prize schedule on this page.

5. Mail all entries to ANSWERS, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

6. Entries for this week's contest must be received prior to the close of business on Monday, March 28, 1932.

WEEKLY CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

FIRST PRIZE	$100
SECOND PRIZE	50
THIRD PRIZE	25
Two FOURTH PRIZES, each $10	20
Seven FIFTH PRIZES, each $5	35
Fifty SIXTH PRIZES, each $2	100
170 SEVENTH PRIZES, each $1	170
232 CASH PRIZES, TOTAL	$500

THIS COUPON IS FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE

Now that We've Found the South Pole, What Are We Going to Do with It?

Answer .....

.....

.....

New Question .....

.....

.....

Name .....

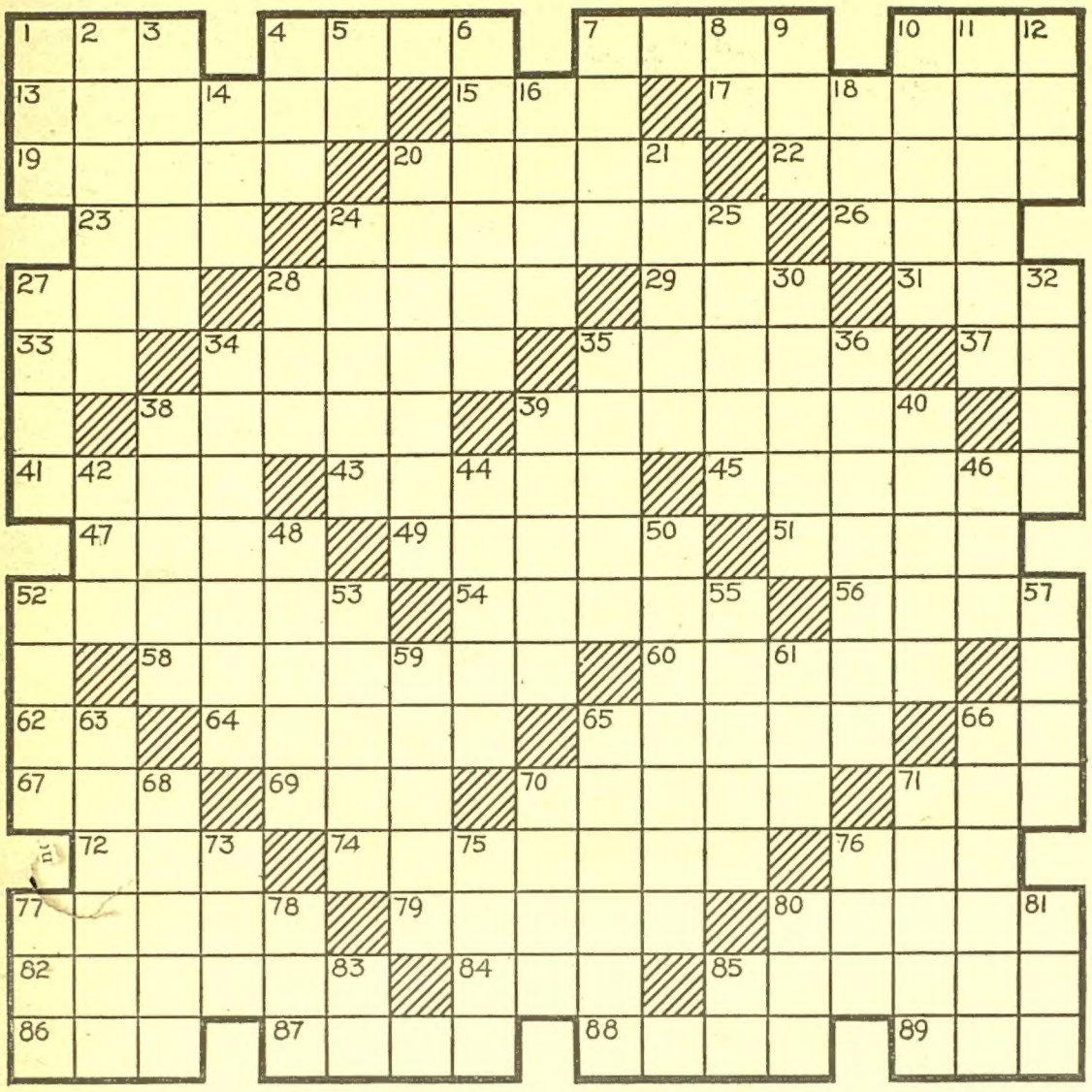
Address .....

City .....

State .....

SEE PAGE 67 *for* WINNING WISE CRACKS EXPLAINING "WHY THE CHICKEN CROSSED THE ROAD."

Cross Words — A New Puzzle



HORIZONTAL

1 Beverage
4 Pronoun
7 District in France
10 Pronoun
13 Begetter
15 Exclamation
17 Son of Poseidon
19 Habituate
20 Wager
22 Heathen deities
23 Aviator
24 Stringed instruments
26 The whole
27 Coin of Siam
28 Tertiary
29 Owns
31 Goddess of dawn
33 Pronoun
34 A bird
35 River in France
37 Ourselves
38 Scotch landholder
39 Insides of cigars
41 Heed
43 Beg
45 Descendant of Shem
47 Deeds
49 Noblemen
51 To be borne
52 Precipices
54 Percolates
56 Adjacent
58 Had terror of
60 Scored
62 Else
64 Auctions
65 Ceremonies
66 One indefinitely
67 By
69 Gnawing animal
70 Confronted
71 Pismire
72 Maxim

TAPE CANTOR POSE
ALAR ARIOSE ASEA
PEREGRINE MOLARS
SEA RASE MIL GET
GRATE BETIDE
FARADS TER VESTS
ORATE ENLIVEN ET
RIPS ORT TOR ORE
ASH BUR FEW ELSE
GE ROTATED CREEL
ENTER TIN CANARY
HIATUS TOKEN
OWE TAM PERE DUO
MOSLEM TRANSFERS
ERIE PLEASE AREA
REST STAYED TSAR

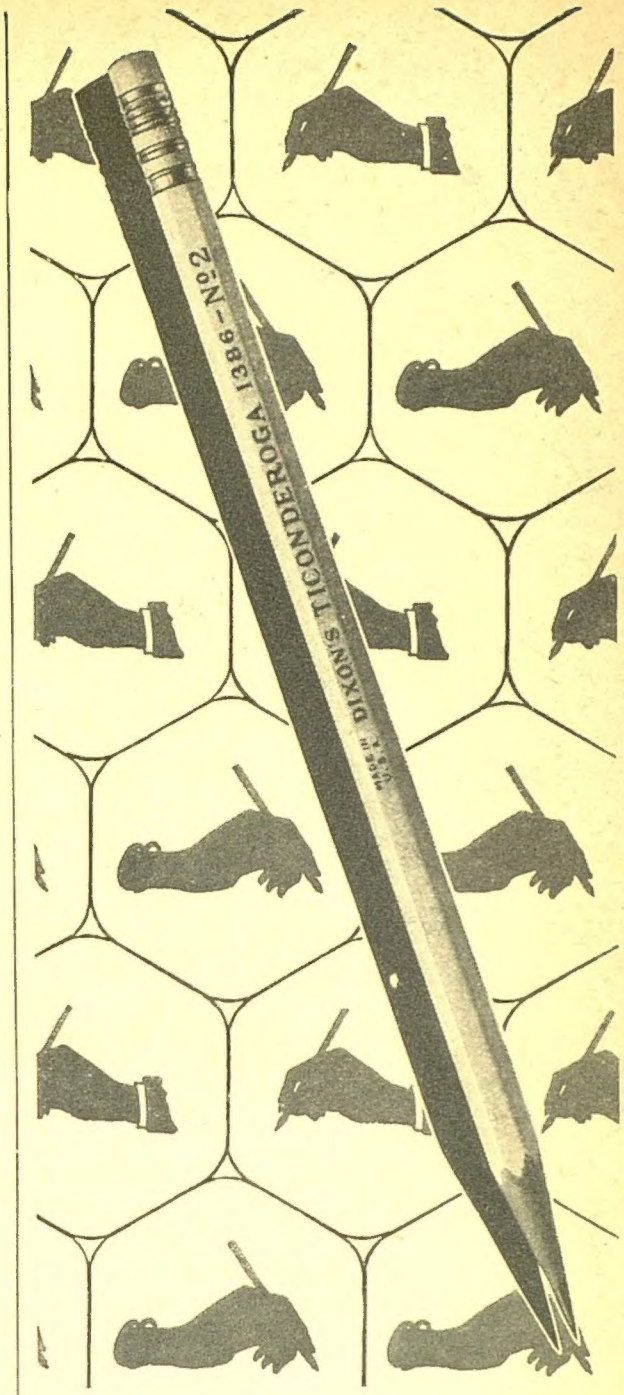
Answer to last week's puzzle

74 Objects of longing
76 Augment
77 Glutted
79 Stormed
80 Force air with violence through the nose
82 Made smooth or even
84 The matter or thing
85 Evening party
86 Japanese coin
87 Woodless region
88 To sound a horn
89 Sheep

VERTICAL

1 Mimic
2 Woolly
3 Belch
4 Individual
5 Note in Guido's scale
6 Sarcasm
7 Cook by dry heat
8 Pronoun
9 Silkworm
10 Clerical vestment
11 Cavity in a tree
12 Existence in its most abstract form
14 Sooner than
16 To furl, as a sail
18 County in Iowa
20 Part of a spinning wheel
21 Woman's name
24 Well defined
25 Glides smoothly
27 Ayah
28 Threefold (prefix)
30 Gibe
32 Dry; withered
34 Teamsters
35 Move sidewise
36 Weaselike animals
38 Intertwined
39 Happened well, or ill
40 Gave allegiance to
42 Corrode
44 Relieves of tension
46 Beverage
48 Pointed weapon
50 United by inter weaving
52 Discontinue
53 Article of diet
55 Situations
57 Dwarf
59 Restrain
61 Man's nickname
63 Sale at second hand
65 Most unusual
66 One of the Apostles
68 Climbing palm
70 Cardinal number
71 Worship
73 Cyst
75 Variety of carnelian
76 Bird of the cuckoo family
77 Inspect secretly
78 Condensed moisture
80 Inebriate
81 Mound
83 Note of the scale
85 In such a way that

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue



Your fingers just naturally "fall" to Ti-con-der-oga because of its rounded edges — and because it writes so smoothly, softly and effortlessly.

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An Extraordinary 5c pencil

With rounded edges for finger-ease

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO., Dept. 10-J, Jersey City, N. J. *Canadian Office:* Dixon Pencil Company, Ltd., Newmarket, Ont.

To the Ladies!

Princess Alexandra Kropotkin

linguist, traveler, lecturer, and authority on fashion

(Reading time: 5 min. 5 sec.)

"WHERE love is concerned, brains are a liability to the American woman. Most American men put intelligent women outside the class that can be loved."

So says Dorothy Thompson, famous lecturer and foreign correspondent, who in private life is Mrs. Sinclair Lewis and the mother of a nineteen-months-old boy.

We were talking about the difference between European women and those of this country, when Miss Thompson made the above quoted statement.

Hal Phyfe photo
Dorothy Thompson

"Whose fault do you think it is?" I asked. "Are the boys to blame, or the unloved ladies of intelligence?"

"I think it is mostly our fault," Miss Thompson answered frankly. "In many ways American women are more progressive than those of Europe, but I think we are less talented *as women.*

"European women devote more time than we do to making friendships and building up close personal relations. They understand the importance of being altogether feminine, and they make a serious job of it."

We are more luxurious over here than women are on the other side, declares Miss Thompson, but less elegant than really well dressed European ladies. She believes that is because we do not *plan* our clothes as carefully as they do. We fall for the dresses, coats, and hats we find by accident in shops.

To make up for her criticisms, Miss Thompson spoke of Lady Astor, who is American born, as being "far more clever as a woman than as a politician," and told me of a luncheon at which this superhostess succeeded in entertaining violent communists and anticommunists at the same table with the Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden!

I wonder how many born-and-bred European women could have got away with that.

PRIZE contests always excite imagination. When I see the names of the winners I always wonder what sort of people they are and what the prize is going to mean to their lives. Now I have just learned the facts about one of life's little miracles—the result of a prize contest.

A small-town engineer and his family were having a bad time. His business had fallen off disastrously. By chance his wife heard a contest announced over the radio.

It was a contest calling for some ingenuity in the use of the dictionary—just the sort of mental exercise she thought might take her husband's mind off his troubles a little, and do him good.

After supper that evening her husband sat down and tried his hand at it. She went to bed around midnight, and about three thirty her husband woke her up as he came upstairs. "Well, I've done the job and the stamp is on the envelope. Better pack the trunks; we'll soon be going."

The prize was a trip to Europe. Lo and behold, that lady's husband won it!

And since his expenses are to be paid, for himself and family, by the firm offering the prize, a large engineering firm has taken the opportunity to employ him for research work abroad.

He and his wife and kids will have a year in Europe—a whole year.

Who says miracles don't happen any more?

A NICE fat hen escaped from a crate on a poultryman's truck one day recently, and down she hopped, landing in the middle of New York's Great White Way. I saw this happen, and, like all the other witnesses save one, I stood and stared. A hen among the bright lights *is* something.

Taxicabs dodged, street cars halted, pedestrians (many among them who were quite obviously unemployed people) lined up along the curb to see what the hen would do. She calmly took a matronly stand in the middle of the street.

Then a big shiny limousine came darting and settled the hen's chicken hash. Before you could say Jack Robinson, out jumped the dapper owner of the limousine.

The young man scooped up the late Madam Hen, tucked her under his arm, sprang back into his car, and drove rapidly away. He waved a blithe hand at the gaping bystanders.

A number of the spectators turned away toward Times Square and their places in the bread line.

An unemployed man went sadly back to his apple stand on the corner.

Perhaps it was impressed upon him that people who jump first and fastest get the limousines—as well as the stray chicken dinners.

"BAKED grapefruit."

A friend of mine gave this order when lunching at one of New York's smartest restaurants the other day. She was a long time getting it, because the chef had never heard of it before, but he finally took a chance and tried it out. The innovation made a hit with him. Baked grapefruit is now on his menu regularly. I think you will like it, too. Strange as it may seem, baking certainly improves the flavor of the fruit. It is easily prepared as follows:

Use grapefruit halves. Remove the tough fibers at the center and sprinkle the fruit pulp generously with sugar. Put in a fairly hot oven for fifteen minutes or a little longer. Cool off before serving, but do not chill.

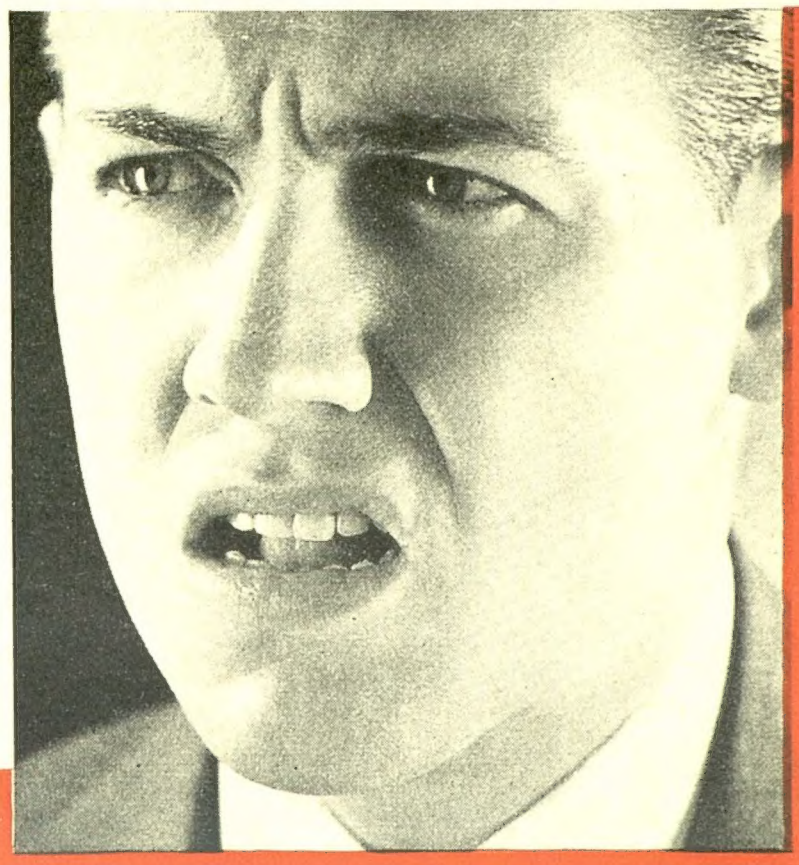
SOME of the new straws will be more popular for hats this year than the usual Swiss-made straws. The smart new hats trimmed with ribbon are being made of "chip" straw, which is really woven wood shavings. Hats with brims are being made of horsehair, and, newest of all, Suzanne Talbot is showing some extremely smart hat models in cellophane.

All sorts of trimmings will be in vogue—flowers, fruit, ribbon, bows. The little tiptilted hats with flowers piled up behind are perfectly charming.

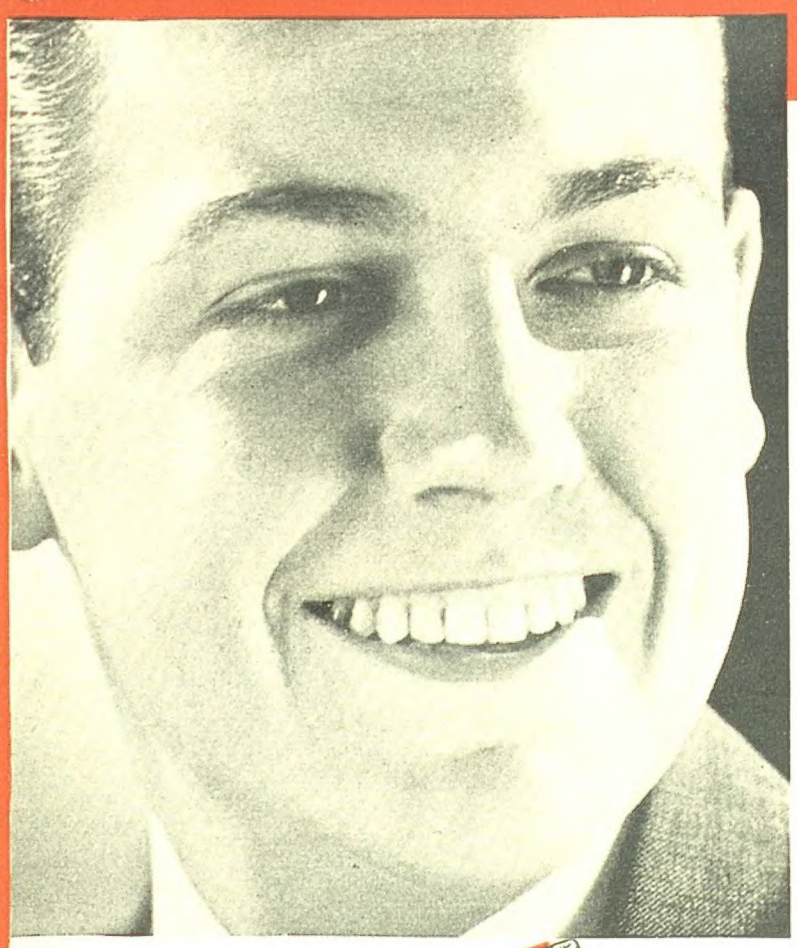
IF you like Anne Green's cynical wit, her new novel, Marietta, will please you. A well told story of jealous intrigue between two selfish sisters. (Published by E. P. Dutton & Co.)

Help Nature
Save Your Mouth Health

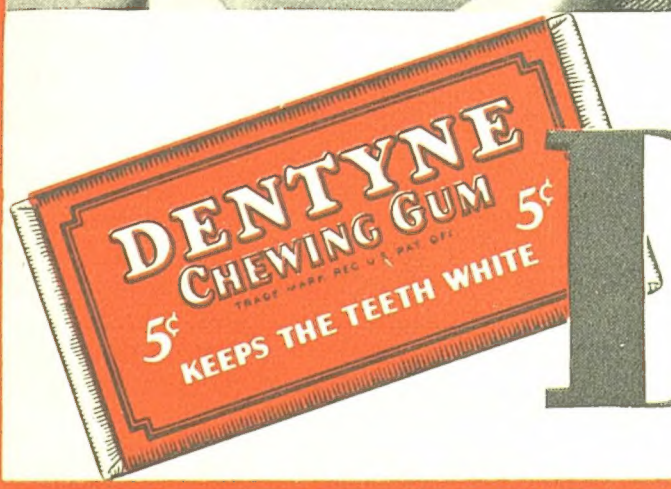
Right in your mouth is the best formula for mouth health. But slowly, modern conditions—mental strain—noise—haste, are stopping the flow of this precious fluid. When these salivary juices are no longer sufficient, widespread tooth decay, bad breath, unhealthy mouth conditions prevail.



NATURE MEANT YOUR MOUTH TO BE SELF CLEANSING



Dentyne is a delicious chewing gum made especially to help this condition. Tests show that the healthful mouth fluids start up as soon as you chew Dentyne. The full normal flow cleanses your teeth, checks mouth acids, refreshes the mouth. Dentyne is delicious—refreshing—healthful.



Chew delicious

Dentyne

KEEPS THE MOUTH HEALTHY - - KEEPS TEETH WHITE

Copr., 1932, The American Tobacco Co.

"There are no better cigarettes"

HE BOBBED UP SMILING

Bob Montgomery has been an iron worker, deck hand, railroad mechanic and a booed-at extra in Hollywood . . . The gals will go completely zooey when they see him in his latest M-G-M, "LOVERS COURAGEOUS" . . . He's stuck to LUCKIES these last 7 years . . . Not a buffalo nickel was paid for his statement . . . He gave it just for a pleasant "Thank You."

"I have always used LUCKIES—as far as I am concerned there are no better cigarettes—congratulations also on your improved Cellophane wrapper with that little tab that opens your package so easily." Robert Montgomery

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough

And Moisture-Proof Cellophane Keeps that "Toasted" Flavor Ever Fresh